

**Hendrix
Busted
in Toronto**

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 34

MAY 31, 1969

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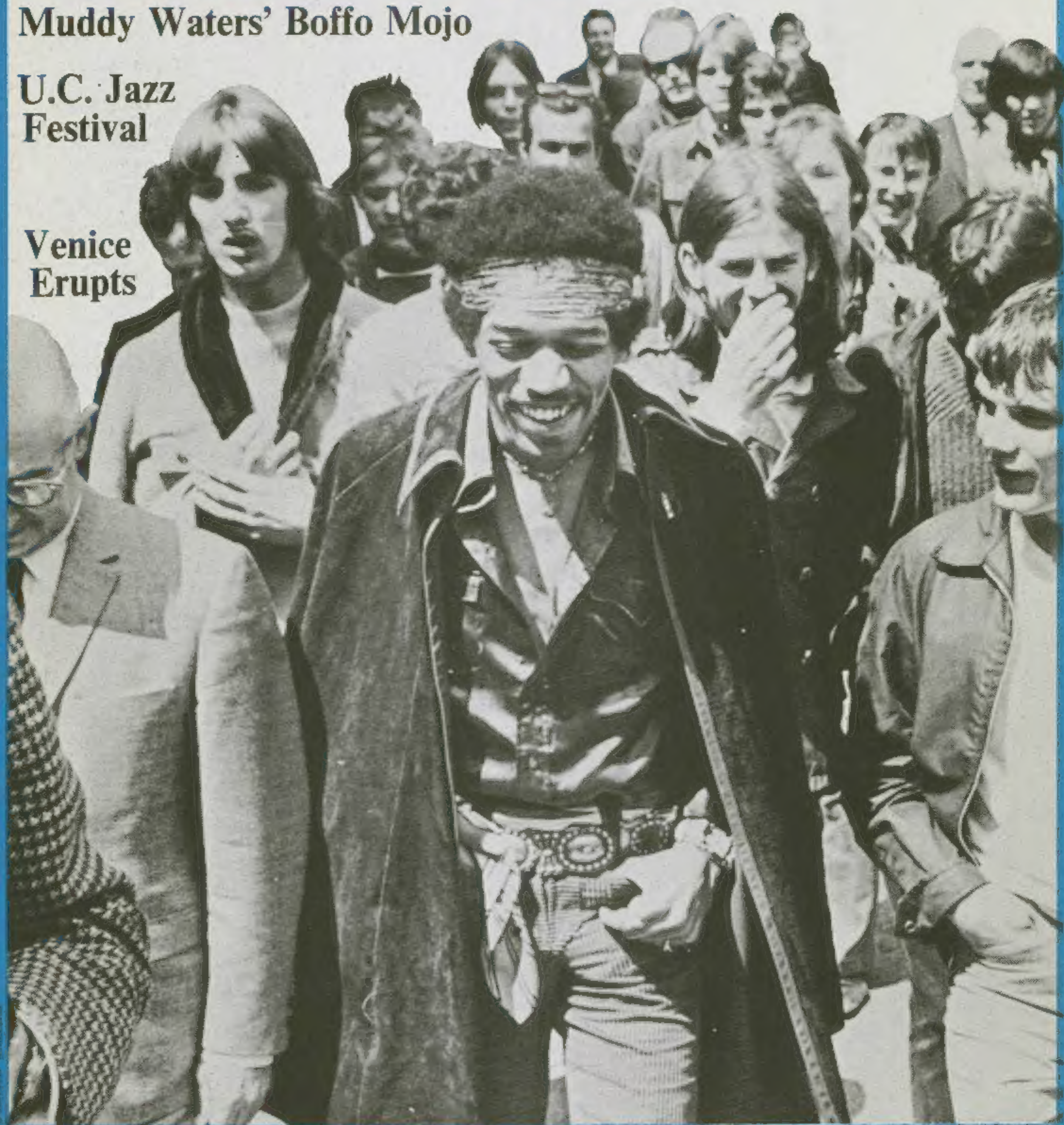
Dylan's Nashville TV Trip

Johnny Cash at San Quentin

Muddy Waters' Boffo Mojo

**U.C. Jazz
Festival**

**Venice
Erupts**



FRANZ BATES

Hendrix on his way to the magistrate

ROLLING STONE

'All the News
That Fits'

No. 34
MAY 31, 1969

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SARON WOLMAN

Bonnie in the straw: read all about her and Delaney & Friends, Page 19

CASH AND DYLAN TAPE TV NUMBER IN NASHVILLE

BY PATRICK THOMAS

NASHVILLE—As the crowd settled in, T. Thomas Catrer, the master of ceremonies, explained how the show would run and what the applause sign meant and the rest. This was the *Johnny Cash Show*, they were taping the first segment now, and the part with Bob Dylan would come first. But first for a little warm-up humor, Nashville style.

"If anything strikes you as funny, just laugh," said Tommy Catrer. "We'd

appreciate it. Miss Fanny Flagg's here. I think you'll enjoy her."

About that time, Dylan's wife Sarah and their son Jesse took their seats with the wife of Bob Johnston, the Columbia producer who has worked with Cash, Dylan and the Statler Brothers. Johnston is said to be the man who interested Flatt & Scruggs into recording Dylan songs before the team broke up.

Cash came out before the taping began to sing a few numbers for the folks,

and he seemed a happy man. He introduced a new number by Vince Mathews he's about to record called "Wrinkled Crinkled Wadded Dollar Bill." The Tennessee Three backs him with Carl Perkins on guitar. His wife June Carter joined him and they did "Jackson." June is a woman who absolutely means to entertain or know the reason why. She's got that hash-house flash and she really drives.

When Cash left, Dylan's band got into

the jungle of instruments behind the cameras and warmed up. They are the same group that backed him on *Nashville Skyline*: Kenny Buttrey, Charley McCoy, Pete Drake, Norman Blake, Charlie Daniels and Bob Wilson.

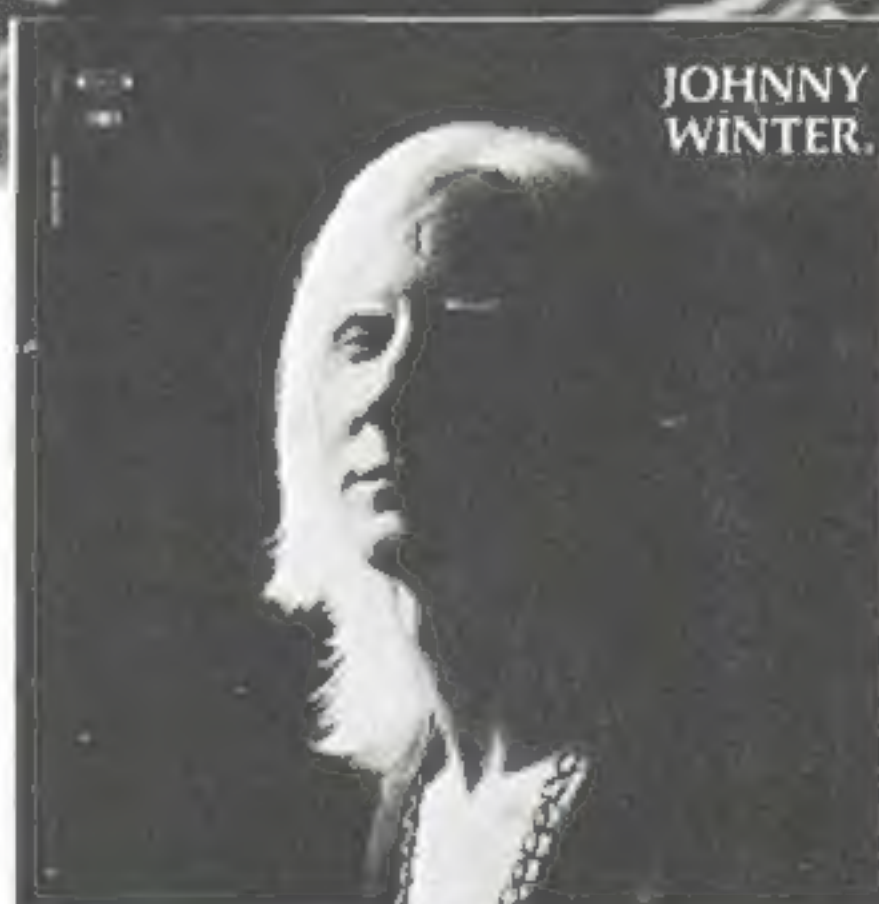
The show with Dylan as featured guest will be shown June 7 on ABC. The taping took place May 1st at the Grand Ole Opry.

Cash seems determined to bring en-

—Continued on Page 6

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARKA RED. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

This is a "we need help" letter. We are looking for an out-of-state band who would like to come here and play for an "Obscenity Benefit." We, the Cosmic Aeroplane, were busted last summer for "possession with intent to sell of obscene materials": two underground newspapers, four posters, the Kama Sutra calendar by Ron Boise, and a necklace with the word "fuck" on it. We have a tough lawyer who's doing all he can and hardly ever mentions the fact that we haven't paid him.

The case is on appeal, we lost in both city and district court, to the Utah Supreme Court where we expect to lose also. The charges are obviously ridiculous. The cops were out to bust the local head shop since we don't conform to the "community standards" of a highly conservative Mormon state. We'd laugh, but things are getting pretty heavy.

We're quite sure damn near every group reads ROLLING STONE and thought maybe you might help us out by printing this letter. We would try to pay the group as much as possible, at least traveling expenses and maybe 10%. We would get a local booking agency to handle advertising.

We know it's not much pay and a lot to ask, but maybe there is a group somewhere who would dig doing the gig. Would appreciate hearing from anyone, write us at:

THE COSMIC AEROPLANE
 369 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE
 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84101

SIRS:

I just finished reading Paul Nelson's article about Janis Joplin's debut, and I'd like to tell you what happened when she played here in Germany (Frankfurt, April 12th).

Before the music started, she came out to rap to the audience and when she found out that 99% of the audience was American (GIs and their dependents), she went through the same changes Nelson described. As a result, the show was a little pretentious and

she couldn't get herself or the band going.

However, after the show was over Janis came back out and said that the Germans were going to film her and the band, so she invited everyone to stay and participate in another set, for free. After an hour wait while the band set up again, Janis came out really stoned (drunk? does it matter?) and she really had a bad flash about how plastic it seemed, especially when faced with the reality that what was once termed "just doing her thing" had become a great commercial value for bubblegum distributors.

The band caught her vibe and decided to do whatever they felt like doing. She started screaming at the ushers to leave us (the audience) alone, and she encouraged everybody to get up and dance or whatever they felt like doing. And man, let me tell you, the result was fantastic.

They had finally "kicked out the jams" and they wailed. It became obvious that the TV crew was expecting her to sing certain things, so she told them, "I'm going to do something you don't know nothin' about . . . and I don't even care if you run out of film!"

When she said that, the band and the audience together sighed a huge sigh of relief and Sam Andrew broke into some great jamming and there was Janis, getting it on like we've all seen her do so many times at the Fillmore. The audience roamed around as they pleased, danced, or even got up on stage and danced with Janis. It was beautiful.

I didn't catch the bassman's name, but he really jammed heavy and he was really behind it. It might not have been Brad Campbell, but he sure wasn't just a "stand-in." And that "spade cat" Nelson mentioned really blew our minds. Can you imagine a cat who has the awareness of Hendrix but carries on like Otis Redding used to. Yeah, he really pushed. He's the answer to the Beatles' statement, "You may be a lover but you ain't no dancer."

It really turned out to be a beautiful evening for all of us, and I'd imagine

that all Janis' fears must have gone down the drain. The whole band was really together and nobody held anything back. I think you might be pretty surprised the next time you see her.

BRUCE SEYMOUR
 FRANKFURT, GERMANY

SIRS:

Just a short note of interest: Try playing Bob Dylan's single of "From a Buick 6" at 33 1/3 instead of 45 RPM. It sounds like Jimi Hendrix, with just a bit of (hardly noticeable) distortion.

Even "Positively Fourth Street" is good. It sounds like an entirely different person. The regular way its best, but this is sure far-out.

GENIA
 NEW YORK

SIRS:

I don't know where John Grissim, Jr., got his information about Roller Derby (Issue #29), but his article is the work of somebody who knows nothing about the game but what he sees on ten-year-old videotapes.

As every fan who has ordered the new Roller Derby Album knows, Roller Derby's headquarters are back in Los Angeles, although they were in San Francisco when the tapes were made and the Bombers held the championship. And International Roller Derby, no longer confined to the United States and Canada, is now played in Europe, Japan, Latin America and Australia.

I distinctly remember the announcement of Charlie O'Connell's retirement after the game in which the Bombers won a championship. Neither he nor Joan Weston appears in the 1967 Roller Derby Album, which contains the names of all 100 major skaters. A further error of fact: Ronnie Robinson has not skated with the New York Chiefs for quite some time, but now coaches the Midwest Pioneers.

What "small percentage of black faces in the Roller Derby audience"? At every modern game I've watched either in person or on television, at least a third of the spectators are Negroes.

If your sportswriter thought the rules

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

If you have ever wondered what it would be like to see a rock and roll show at Grand Central Station at the height of the rush hour when the place is so jammed with commuters that you cannot move more than nine inches in any direction, just spend an evening at the Fillmore West.

The only difference these days between Grand Central at rush hour and the Fillmore West on the weekends, is that Grand Central has a higher ceiling and better air conditioning.

This unfortunate policy of jamming the Fillmore way beyond any kind of reasonable "standing room only" situation—well beyond the reasonable "discomfort level"—is not new. Thinking that it might be due to accidental oversell of tickets or simply top bills that everyone had to see, we previously never mentioned this. But it has gotten to the point that week in and week out, the Fillmore is jammed to its windows with total disregard for both good presentation of music and also very basic safety factors.

What it has come to is that we no longer enjoy going to the place. And beyond our simple desire for a little good music in good company with good vibes and good numbers of folks, we are also a little fearful for our own safety. Last week we got caught in an exit jam of the crowd which trapped us 'twixt the hallway and the stairs to the exit for over a half an hour.

No matter what the business thing, this is the point where morality must pre-empt money.

You remember the Beach Boys' hit "Be True to Your School"? Well, they still are, because they returned to alma mater, Hawthorne (California, where else) High School, to play the Junior-Senior Prom for free recently. When the Beach Boys started in 1961, four of the six of them were students at Hawthorne. Actually—let's stick with the facts—they didn't actually return to the high school itself. The prom was held at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills. There's money in Hawthorne.

Dick Clark is doing a TV special this summer on ABC: *The Age of Rock*. Put together out of library clips and special shooting in New York, Nashville and Hollywood, it will (needless to say) include Connie Francis, Frankie Avalon, Bobby Vee and Bobby Darin, as well as James Brown and Fats Domino.

The Family Dog is alive, after getting kicked out of the Avalon in November and momentarily resurfacing in December, and it has a new hall: Family Dog On The Great Highway. Because that's where the Dog dances will be held, a former slot-car raceway at San Francisco's Playland, an amusement park right across The Great Highway from the Pacific Ocean. The new site, open for dances some time in June, will have the advantages of unlimited parking, regular bus service, and neighbors who (unlike the Avalon's neighbors) have seen much worse-behaved crowds than the rock audience. The new place also has the ocean, a nearby park just up a shrubby hill, and two patios and a fireplace.

As for the dances to be put on there, original family dog Chet Helms predicts "more theatricalism, with less emphasis on the bands and more of a party-like atmosphere." The question in all our minds is, of course, "Can a Family Dog long survive on The Great Highway?"

Frank Zappa has become a professional lecturer, popular among college students from—as they say—coast to coast. Thus far he has been a guest speaker at the New School in New York City and the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. Upcoming are talks at Villanova and the University of South Carolina.

Subjects discussed? At the New School, it was "Pigs, Ponies and Rock and Roll." Price? About \$1,500 for each talk.

To put this fee in some sort of per-

spective, *Newsweek* recently reported ex-Vice Presidential Candidate Edmund Muskie was the highest paid public speaker in the U.S., earning only \$2,000.

Steve Katz of Blood Sweat & Tears phoned us immediately after he read the interview with Decency Rally kingpin Mike Levesque of Florida. Levesque told how cooperative Blood Sweat & Tears had been in letting the Teens for Decency folks speak at a BS&T gig. Not so, says Katz. They did come on and talk after a BS&T set, "but God knows we have nothing to do with that scene. I mean, these Decency Rallies and the cats behind them are so stupid, man." Katz mused for a moment. "In fact, Blood Sweat & Tears condemns decency."

Phil Ochs, talking to John Carpenter in *The Los Angeles Free Press*: "Elvis is still the myth to beat, what in essence is America. I mean you can look at Elvis in the Fifties and see George Wallace coming up. He was the greatest projection of real America. Mick Jagger can present what is high art but not get close to whatever it is that Elvis has. His love for his mother, his cars, even his army career was a perfect projection. I used to have a hunch that Wallace was going to pick Elvis as his running mate. If he'd done that I think he would have picked up five more states. He'll end up in politics, I think. The way they packaged Reagan, I think he could do it. Most people would pick Elvis over Reagan. I would."

As a matter of fact, King El just did a political song, and you ought to catch it. "In the Ghetto" isn't exactly what you might have expected from the old hillbilly.

Ends & Odds: Mary Hopkin is traveling—she plays the posh Americana Hotel in New York (can we afford to see her there?) and then on for a Japanese trip in September . . . Big Brother and the Holding Company have recorded a single for release soon and—wonder of wonders—it's got Janis Joplin on it. Tune is "Mr. Natural," and Janis says a couple of words, but does not sing . . . James Brown has just opened his own WRDW in Augusta, Georgia, the fifth black-owned station in the country . . . Julie Driscoll, who does not swim, plunged into a lake at Mill Valley (north of San Francisco) to save the five-year-old daughter of a friend from drowning . . . Great old blues singer Lonnie Johnson is in Toronto General Hospital after an auto accident resulted in a fractured thigh; recuperating nicely . . . Joe Cocker's next single is an original song George Harrison wrote for him . . . Byrdsologists please note: It appears that Clarence White is about to split to join the Flying Burrito Brothers. He's been appearing with the FBB's here and there.

Miles Davis' answer to finding a way to end the war in Vietnam, as told to a writer for *Cavalier* magazine: "What we gotta do is draft all the bitches under 25 and send them over there. All kinds of tough-lookin' white bitches, with all that clean, white skin and blonde hair and big tits. When these cats read in the paper that a hundred of them get killed by the Viet Cong, the whole thing will be over in a day."

What makes Miles Davis rock and roll news is that he's recently recorded in England, using Johnny McLaughlin as a sideman. Thus does guitarist McLaughlin become the first rock musician to enter the charmed circle of people who've recorded with Miles. (McLaughlin has worked with numerous rock players, most recently with ex-Cream bass player Jack Bruce.)

Miles is not the least bit pleased that he and his band have been denied entry into Japan, evidently caused, he feels, by the "stigma attached concerning black artists and their use of drugs. I feel that my art is their loss." Miles added, in a telegram distributed to all the media: "I just found out that South Africa now recognizes the Japanese as white. Maybe this is it."



LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3

for his Roller Derby "could hardly be simpler," he should read them today, with the pivot skater completely abolished. Any player may block, but only those wearing the jamming helmets—non-jammers now wear no headgear at all—may score.

To me the biggest absurdity in the article is that the commissioner "has sliced away a lot of the sham which characterized the game's earlier years." I never saw the really old Roller Derby, but I guarantee that the exhibitions in the Bay Area a decade back are nothing compared to the antics in the Philadelphia Eastern Warriors' home base only one year ago. By the end of the season the players were wielding chairs, helmets, skates, janitors' brooms, the water bucket, and (in the last game of the season) a piece of hose which a villainess kept hiding up her sleeve.

The referees tolerated more and more perviously illegal blocks and unnecessary roughness—unless the home team did it. In every series the antagonists managed to think up new ways to render the "anything-goes" match races fancier—and more formidable for the skaters the fans loved.

Realizing that Roller Derby was a put-on, I still watched it for the laughs. Having not seen a game since I came West, I hoped to catch up on the scene through the article in your magazine. But John Grissim, Jr., sure doesn't know what's happening today.

ALBERT M. STARR
SAN FRANCISCO

The Author Replies:

Mr. Starr is confusing Roller Derby with Roller Games, the latter a Los Angeles-based outlaw league set up to cash in on Roller Derby's success. Several years ago a group of Southern California skaters got tired of being on the road half the season, so they formed the Los Angeles Thunderbirds, hooked up with a local television station, and later put together several league teams.

Of course Roller Games was promptly sued for several million dollars by Jerry Seltzer who owns the copyrights to the name Roller Derby. The suit is still pending but in the meantime the

two leagues manage to overlook their differences long enough to skate against each other occasionally before packed arenas.

The money's good but the Roller Derby's Bay Bombers don't look forward to skating against clubs like the LA T-Birds. The team is Southern California's contribution to proletarian theatre—outrageous type casting, flying water buckets and a notable absence of skating ability. Reportedly the T-Bird's best skaters deliberately court the penalty box because they're often in such lousy physical condition they can't go more than 20 laps without a break.

As for the rules, Roller Derby owner Seltzer's comment applies: "They couldn't be simpler. You can look for something deeper but it's simply not there." Skaters like Charlie O'Connell (who has recently come out of retirement) and Joan Weston don't appear in Mr. Starr's yearbook because they don't skate for the Roller Games' league. The same is true of Ronnie Robinson who is as well known for his starring role on the New York Chiefs as he is for his day-glo pink suits and matching shoes.

The "Commissioner" don't slice away a lot of the sham, Seltzer did. Only Roller Games put it back in again, complete with "villainesses" hosing each other on the rink. Anything-goes match races are barred from Roller Derby but are *de rigueur* at T-Bird games. That's OK, too. Some people go to drive-ins during the holiday season to pick up #3 Christmas dinners.

JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

SIRS:

Reward to the person who sends me number 17 of the *ROLLING STONE* series.

DAVID SHARP
1435 ADDISON
BERKELEY, CALIF.

SIRS:

I have never heard of Vicki Bacon nor in those days had I heard of the Cowsills.

It's nice to know I have friends in West Hollywood.

JOHN GABREE
NEW YORK

JOE COCKER

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

JOE COCKER / WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS / A&M SP 4182

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B. J. WILSON

STEVIE WINWOOD

A NEW ALBUM ON A&M RECORDS



Cash & Dylan Tape at Nashville

—Continued from Page 1

tainment to television, a most remarkable innovation in this medium. Besides Dylan, Cash and his wife June Carter, and the Carter Family, the session included Joni Mitchell, the Stoller Brothers and a remarkable Cajun fiddler named Doug Kershaw.

But the highlight, of course, was the performance by Dylan. Back in March, Dylan was featured in an NET special on Cash. The segment showed them recording a duet version of Dylan's "One Too Many Mornings," one of his older songs. Apart from this, Dylan has been seen publicly only once since his motorcycle accident in the summer of 1966. He appeared at the Woodie Guthrie benefit in New York over a year ago.

For the Cash Show, Dylan did "I Threw It All Away" from the new album, *Nashville Skyline*. He also did a new song, "Living the Blues," which will be released as a single on June 8th. Then he and Cash did "Girl From the North Country," also featured on the new album.

The Dylan appearance was no secret in Nashville, fortunately. It goes without saying that Cash fans are as baffled by Dylan's emergence here as Dylan freaks were startled at the news of this new axis. But they all lined up outside the Opry: businessmen and their wives, country boys, bald heads, acid heads, bee-hive bouffant blondes, drawing teenyboppers and other assorted traveling wonderers. There is no doubt that a good part of the audience was there just to see Cash and didn't know what all the fuss was about. But the seats and aisles of the Opry were full, and Dylan did not lack a fine representation of people familiar with his work.

Dylan appeared to a great ovation, tieless, short-haired with his five-day beard, dressed in a stove-pipe suit, looking a little like Charlie Chaplin. His manner was somewhat strained.

He opened with "I Threw It All Away." A shock went through the auditorium because all the amplification was off on the studio speakers and you could barely hear Dylan over Kenny Buttrely's drums. From what we could hear, the takes on all the numbers were up to recording standards. (Reportedly, Dylan did only one or two takes for each cut on *Nashville Skyline*.)

The second number, "Living the Blues," will be released as a single the day after the Cash show is aired. It's almost an Everly Brothers swing song, and could have easily followed "Peggy Day" on the new album.

Dylan joined Cash in a living room set, where they did "Girl of the North Country." It sounded virtually indistinguishable from the album cut. There was a fine friendliness between the two and if you watch closely, you'll see Dylan slyly driving Cash on the refrain ("... true love of mine ...").

When the set was over, Cash said, "It's really fine to have a great man like Bob Dylan on the show." Then he announced that the first take had been fine and that Dylan enjoyed the audience so much that he wanted to do the numbers again for them with amplification.

While they were setting up to run it through again, T. Tommy Catrer came out to say that Dylan "just really doesn't believe who he is." It's true: Dylan was incredibly reserved. He only flashed an occasional smile during the entire performance. But it was a strange audience, though not at all unenthusiastic. As a matter of fact, it was outrightly reverent. Not one word was heard from the crowd despite the fact there was no explanation about the lack of amplification on the first run through. Everybody just leaned forward. Those who knew were glad to have him back.

The amplified set was low-keyed, perhaps a bit cautious, but when Dylan ran through "Girl of the North Country" again with Cash, he seemed considerably looser, if the occasional flash grins he gave are any indication. He ran through the new single a third time after this set and left to hot applause.

(Earlier, Dylan had whispered something in Cash's ear, who then turned to the crowd upstairs and said, "Bob says you're a great audience.")

Cash did his portion of the show next



Janis

and he played some of his best numbers. He was exuberant about the affair, and it was a very fine performance. He did a medley of "Folsom Prison," "Don't Take Your Guns to Town," "Egg-Sucking Dog," and "It Ain't Me, Babe" as a duet with June Carter. He also did "Orange Blossom Special" in his three-harmonica version.

Later, Cash, Dylan and June Carter went down to the Black Poodle down in Printers' Alley to see Doug Kershaw, the Cajun fiddler who also played on the Cash show. To what must have been Dylan's delight, the attention was primarily on Cash. Joni Mitchell and Graham Nash were there, too. Kershaw really ripped loose on the first set and passed the mike around at the table when he did "Orange Blossom Special."

A little later, Cash and his wife took to the stage with Kershaw backing them on his fiddle. I have never heard happier music. Dylan sat quiet and smiling through the set. The people who happened to be in the club when this began were stunned.

The Nashville Banner ran an "interview" by Red O'Donnell on its front page. It was casual to say the least, but it showed sympathy for Dylan's move to Nashville. The Tennessean ran a feature way back inside with a shot of all the longhairs sitting on the sidewalk outside the Opry House. Its caption ran "Subjects Wait to See Their King." The headline for the story said: NEW MONARCH AT OPRY TABERNACLE. The writer quoted "one mustached young man from Cincinnati" on his reaction to the show:

"Hey, he walks like an ordinary person. I came 300 miles to see an ordinary person!" And he laughed.

Another "reaction" was: "He just sounds like a not-so-good hillbilly to me. What's he got?"

The fact is that the current sound he plays is more country & Dylan than country & Western, and Dylan is wise in not attempting to kick his way into the Grand Ole Opry. The one thing that was a constant source of conversation here, probably to too great a degree, was the shyness that he showed among his company.

After the concert, a photographer said to him: "You seemed to be a little nervous tonight, Bob."

"I was scared to death," he said with a smile.

Certainly he seemed a bit strained—not an unusual situation for a man who had given only one public performance in three years. But in my encounters with him, he seemed more reserved than afraid, and it was obvious that this reserve is getting him a good deal of respect in Nashville. They were there first and they know it. So does he.

The day after the concert Dylan came back to his hotel from a recording session with his producer, Bob Johnston. Word had it that he was planning to record an Everly Brothers tune, and sure enough, he had a copy of one of their singles in hand and the sheet music for a song called "Take a Message to Mary." He said that one of the Nashville papers was going to "get a list of ten things I like."

"You mean ten songs?"

"No. Ten things."

Then he went off to a table to read the papers.

Janis and London Come Together

BY JONATHAN COTT AND
DAVID DALTON

"What is that?" asked Janis, looking out of her hotel window. "It looks like a hill with a house on top of it." "That's the Albert Hall, baby," somebody explained.

Janis turned that hill into a Volcano at her concert here on the 21st of April, inciting the 6,000 odd fans to shake it up, to dig themselves. ("You're looking good" Janis said to the audience and herself during a break for champagne and they shrieked back the compliment). Janis breathed life into the Transylvanian bloodstream of hip London, woke up Love's Body asleep in Fashion's winding street. California does not travel well, and music is mainly an intellectual trip in London (as witness Cream's farewell concert when their fans behaved like an enthusiastic audience at a classical concert), but Janis did it like no-one since Jimi Hendrix (and ecstasy is a habit for Jimi); she brought the house down.

Janis functions on a direct charge, and the audience were behind her from the first note. They wanted her to take them away on her voice and body, riding through "Maybe," "Combination of the Two," "Summertime," "Work Me Lord," "Ball and Chain," as if she were a souped up Harley Davidson. The group backing her had the same line up as at the New York concert: guitar, sax, trumpet, organ, bass, and drums. They were tight and kept a good balance in relation to Janis's voice, never drowning her out.

The Albert Hall looks like a gigantic Victorian mausoleum inside, and recently it looks even more surreal, with a fleet of "flying saucers" hung from the roof to baffle the notoriously bad acoustics. They look like grey leaves flying in a Magritte painting. Eric Clapton and Bob Seideman cheered and shook for Janis in their box, and as Janis leaned into the last note of "Ball and Chain" Stanley Mouse let out an ecstatic shriek. Even the straight occupants of the adjoining boxes were making a mechanical attempt at ecstasy, while below the entire audience seemed to sweep forward to the stage like a tidal wave, and three super groupies (Suzy Creamcheeze, Cynthia, and Claudette) got up on stage and began shaking their bodies as if it were the Day of Judgment.

Janis rooted for herself at her sold-out Royal Albert Hall London debut. She didn't jig, she jumped two feet up gleefully as the audience's fantasy expectations and projections met hers ricocheting back to them: the audience cheered, Janis cheering them. On she came, indigo bonded silk jersey shining, her voice's tessitura sinuously winding up from mating crane's growl to sweet something highs. Everyone leapt up, moved down the aisles, gladly taking pieces of her heart. Janis puts you on the line: you go forward or remain querulous. Like all stars, Janis is either good or bad, great or horrible, electrifying or preposterous. In London, she pretended English reserve never existed and broke down the boundaries.

English people don't raise their voices in anger; they heighten and sharpen the intonation. "Everyone in America is either straight or freaky," Janis explained on-stage. "The straights look straight, the freaks look like freaks, but in London everyone looks freaky so you have to get inside the head to see what's there." Not the most astute kind of psychological perception, but a gentle sociological distinction which England forces American culture heroes to make, since America is still a mythical country here. When American groups come over, they think that just by doing their whiz bam Crum comics bit, everyone is going to snap fingers sympathetically. Nothing doing.

Country Joe and the Fish played two sets at the Institute for Contemporary Arts a few weeks ago (the Joshua Light Show debuting here with them), and Joe arrived after wandering around the park and walked up to the microphone, saying: "There's a cultural problem here." He had had a great success in Scandinavia, and the English audience waited quietly for the music. Joe felt a void, but it was a fertile void. You've got to fill it in. You can't just appear, California flashing from your eyes, and make it in London.

Country Joe and the Fish has had terrible luck in London. Last year, the group played at the Roundhouse, and the acoustics were more like sea bubbles heard inside a submarine; you couldn't hear the porpoises from the minnows—no woofers or tweeters, just a blurring hum. This time around, you could hear Joe's beautiful new songs, and the blues about a sweet loving woman gone to seed on crystals powerfully conveyed his feelings about the cultural gap; the void was filled, the audience understood, and roared its approval. When the Fish jammed to "We want the world and we want it now," the place came apart. Everyone danced. Over forty minutes, the music kept recharging. Barry Melton smashed the guitar fingerboard as if he had discovered the principle of energy for the first time looking amazedly down at the broken ends, girls looking incredulously at Barry as if he were themselves discovering themselves.

Janis broke through this way, too. She made you enjoy yourself. This is what the Beatles did for Americans, and now, strangely, Janis has returned the impulse. She did it with "Ball and Chain," with "Maybe," and especially Nick Gravenites' "Work Me Lord." Lead guitarist Sam Andrew is getting there, and he backed Janis with luscious mellow deep-toned sighs, and Janis kissed him throughout the set on the cheeks like a little girl finding herself together in a sympathetic mirror. Her voice was controlled, sexy, joyful, and happy. She harnessed the musical changes as she rode them. "I don't want to offend propriety or anything," said Janis with a broad grin, "but if you wanna dance, this next one is for shakin' it up, and that's what it's all about, right?"

Someone brought up a bottle of champagne. It was a party and a romp. The spade sax player Snooky sang and danced and mimed a guy preparing to make it with his chick. "You don't need to worry about no brother or best friend taking your girl if you know how to do it," he shouted. He shimmed 'round and shook, and Janis joined in. "It's raining. A girl walks down the street with no umbrella and no clothes. She sees a guy. 'It's you!' She says. They come together in the rain."

The aftermath of the concert was equally explosive. Everybody dug it and found it hard to control themselves, describing Janis's body sound in print. Disc and Melody Maker were predictably ecstatic: "Soul—the feeling, the ability to put over a song as if you passionately mean every word, every last sound—is what Janis is all about, to the tips of her swinging corn-colored hair. Soul—plus, of course, a good helping of sex"—Disc, April 26. "Janis broke through the wall of British reserve, loosening the audience, shaking them up, opening them out and turning them on"—Melody Maker, April 26. But even the usually controlled critic for the conservative Daily Telegraph found himself drifting in a sea of words, as if blissfully describing an orgasm. "Here in fact was the comfortably embodied voice of love, pain, freedom and ecstatic experience, a fire that speaks from the heart, warm rounded flesh." Janis came and London came with her.

A Legend in His Own Time



Otis Rush

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For A Free Copy Of A Special In-Depth Interview With Producer Nick Gravenites with full details of the Otis Rush Recording Sessions in Muscle Shoals, Ala., write to: Atlantic Records, 1841 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023



BEN MYRON



BOB FOTHORAP

A Decency Rally Fans the Flames

BALTIMORE—Among the more disgusting sights on the contemporary social scene is a Decency Rally run wild. That is exactly what happened in Baltimore late in April after a Sunday afternoon crowd of 40,000 jammed into Memorial Stadium on behalf of decency and righteousness.

It was the worst violence in Baltimore since last year's riots.

What caused it was that the high school age promoters of the rally had promised an appearance by soul shouter James Brown. This assured a large turnout. It also assured an angry reaction when Brown did not appear.

According to a reporter for the Baltimore Sun, "A lot of Negro kids came who otherwise wouldn't have because of James Brown. When it was over they felt cheated and got rough with the white kids."

He likened it to the traditional fights between Baltimore high schools after the traditional Thanksgiving football championships. "Except this time it was straight black versus white."

Mounted police fired shotguns into the air and swung nightsticks in an effort to stem the resultant brawling and knifing and near race riot in which over 100 were injured. Thirty-eight were hospitalized, seven of them for stabbings.

Maryland Attorney General Charles Moylan described the scene as "utter chaos . . . a frightful scene," and said that the young promoters of the event had acted "completely ill-advisedly."

The four-hour rally itself was a stone bore. As is usual at these (anti-longhair, anti-rock and roll, anti-Jim Morrison's weenie) affairs, a procession of young speakers stood up to the microphone and told how godliness and purity of spirit would triumph over people who say shit and fuck and smoke dope and don't have no respect.

Except that the sound system was so bad hardly anybody at the stadium could hear anything, the five local rock and roll bands on the bill included. This may have been just as well. "They were really second-rate bands," said one observer, "even for Baltimore."

Two days earlier, 16,000 attended a "Youths for Decency" rally at Enterprise, Alabama, and heard their former governor, George Wallace, say that their new movement "exemplifies the American dream which I subscribe to, an idea that's always been the philosophy of our people, regardless of race or color."



Cops & freaks at Venice

Decency moves on: Columbus, Ohio, plans a Decency Rally for May 18th for which they're trying to get Tricia Nixon to appear. They claim 1000 "young adults" have joined the movement. The local chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police is enthusiastic, has contributed \$100 and offered the service of off-duty cops. Coordinator of the rally publicity committee, incidentally, is Dick Polk, who is President Nixon's second cousin.

Florida has half-way passed an anti-obscenity bill to prevent "another Jim Morrison fiasco." Its proponents admit it will be difficult to enforce, "but it's an effective deterrent": make of that what you will. Bill provides definitions of what is obscene to 17-year-olds and under.

Ever since Jim Morrison (who's out on \$5,000 bail) did whatever it was he did in Miami the Doors have found it difficult to get work. At least a dozen cities have banned the group officially and probably double that many more have turned thumbs down on the band unofficially. This leaves the quartet just one place to play—the club where once upon a time the Doors were the house band, second-billed to nearly everyone, the Whisky a Go Go. Coincidentally, it is this Club that Morrison has so often said is best for him; he says he'd rather be back there than anywhere. Morrison's dream comes true May 19-22, when, for four days the Doors will appear at this Sunset Strip club. Top-billed to Albert Collins.

Morrison has finally broken his silence on the matter of the Miami concert, incidentally, via this interview with



RICHARD KOCH

report that had small children heaving bottles from a roof, with police spinning around, pistols drawn. Thankfully, no shots were fired.

The concert began about noon and for the next four hours there were only occasional arrests made, with most of the estimated 15,000 to 20,000 present soaking up the sun, romping in the ocean, or digging the half-dozen new bands being presented (Lil John Farm, Rockin' Foo, Evergreen Blues Band, etc.).

It was close to five o'clock when plainclothesmen began chasing a fleeing suspect through the thousands who were seated on the sand. When the youngster was caught, he was handcuffed and marched back through the crowd and it was then the crowd began chanting "Pig, pig, pig!" And minutes later someone threw the first bottle.

That started it. Seventy-five police were rushed to the beach. The gathering was declared "an unlawful assembly." Wholesale arrests were made on charges of drunkenness, possession of grass, assault with a deadly weapon, battery on an officer, lewd conduct, failure to disperse. The concert was cancelled. The beach was cleared.

This was the second incident of violence connected with rock in Southern California in the same month. Earlier, hundreds of injured and arrested at a pop festival in Palm Springs.

This was also to be the first of monthly concerts planned by the *Free Press*, all to be held at the same location. The Los Angeles "underground" weekly sponsored two similar free concerts at the beach last year and both were conducted without trouble.

MADISON, Wisconsin—Similarly, an open-air rock and roll dance near the University of Wisconsin on May 3 summoned a frenzy of police violence—with some 200 Mace- and gas-spraying cops pitted against 700 students.

The Governor of Wisconsin, after studying reports of the altercations, declared that Madison police had overreacted in an irresponsible manner.

A sound system had been set up to play for a street dance, despite a refusal by the city to grant a permit for the event. A battalion of police moved in to stop it, touching off a four-hour head-bashing, rock-throwing contretemps during which 25 were arrested and 29 more (ten cops included) were taken to hospitals for treatment.

Police even invaded nearby homes. "This is so stupid," one student said. "If they'd let us have the damn block none of this would have happened."

The Governor was at least in partial agreement.

Hollywood (appropriately) columnist Joyce Haber, in its published entirety: "Six guys and girls are naked every night in *Hair* and nobody calls the cops. My audiences expect me to do something freaky. If I'd been in L.A. or New York, nothing would have happened."

The Doors recently taped an hour-long National Education Network TV show for later showing. Everything was on the up-and-up. Decent, that is.

An Unpleasantness At Venice

VENICE, Calif.—Violence erupted at the first of six scheduled free concerts at the beach sponsored by *The Los Angeles Free Press*—resulting in dozens of injuries, 117 arrests, and cancellation of the concert itself.

Ironically, the April 20th concert was to have been held on the old Cheetah pier a few hundred yards away and when a question of ownership of the pier denied use of the area, the city and police sanctioned use of the beach.

Causes of the rock and bottle throwing, club swinging melee were several. Hundreds of young people openly flaunted the marijuana and alcohol laws, then taunted police when plainclothesmen made any arrests. It was also a youngster who started the most serious incident by throwing a bottle at a cop.

At the same time, police generally overreacted to minor incidents, apparently preferring to bash skulls with clubs than use other, less violent means of subduing people. And there was one

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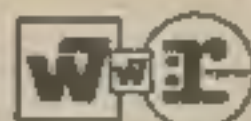
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God bless you all.



Hendrix Busted In Toronto

BY RITCHIE YORKE AND
BEN FONG-TORRES

TORONTO—Jimi Hendrix is now experienced, in the worst way. He was busted May 3rd at Toronto International Airport for allegedly "illegally possessing narcotics."

The bust, made by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, reportedly uncovered several ounces of a chemical substance in a flight bag being carried by Hendrix.

One Toronto radio station (CFRB) reported that the chemical was in fact heroin—but even the Mounties do not yet make that claim. At last report, their laboratory was still at work analyzing the alleged stash.

The singer/guitarist, now in the fifth week of a two-month concert tour of the US and Canada with his Jimi Hendrix Experience, would say nothing to the press beyond "no comment. I'm innocent and my lawyers will prove it."

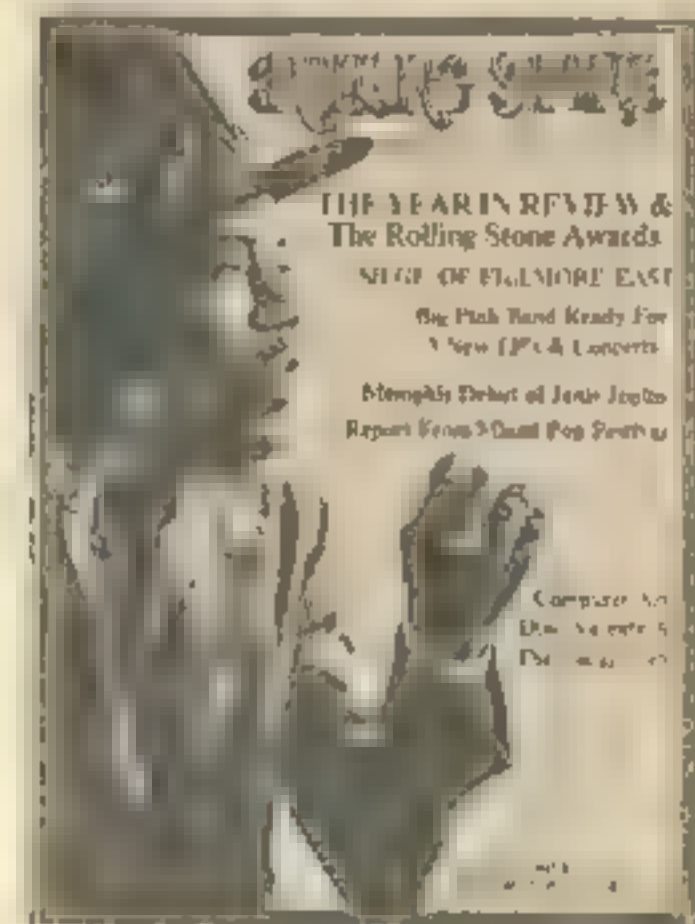
Hendrix and his troupe—drummer Mitch Mitchell, guitarist Noel Redding, and five other men—were going through the customs check when an inspector found six small packages inside a glass bottle at the top of Hendrix' bag.

According to sources at the scene, the Mounties—who were waiting for Hendrix to step off his plane from Detroit—were at first unable to make any positive identification of the substance; nevertheless, they kept the stunned Hendrix detained while they called a mobile police laboratory unit to the airport. After a delay of nearly four hours (the bust took place around 1:30 P. M.) the Mounties took him downtown to police headquarters. Hendrix was finally released on \$10,000 bail posted by a Toronto attorney.

At his arraignment before Magistrate Fred Hayes two days later, a June 19 date was set for a preliminary hearing. Youthful Hendrix admirers filled the staid old courtroom as Hendrix entered wearing a pink shirt open to the waist, an Apache-style headband, a multi-colored scarf around his neck, and beads. His manner was dead serious. When the magistrate called his name—James Marshall Hendrix of New York—he rose and leveled a venomous look at the bench, his lips slightly pursed, which said, without need for words, *fuck off*.

There was no demand for a guilty/not guilty plea. A few words were exchanged, the hearing date set, and in three minutes, Hendrix was on his way out the door.

He is continuing his tour. Hendrix went directly from police headquarters to the Maple Leaf Gardens to appear before a full house of 12,000 in this Lake Ontario port city—just after the bust and questioning.



Hendrix: Performer of the Year

He walked onstage and said: "I want you to forget what happened yesterday and tomorrow and today. Tonight we're going to create a whole new world. This may be part of his usual rap, but the arrest gave it special impact. Unfortunately—understandably—however, it was not one of Hendrix' best evenings.

He played well, but it never quite got off the ground. The effect was rather like watching a bullfighter who's so good that no bull really challenges him, and therefore there is no danger, and therefore no suspense. Hendrix was just too cool.

The next night, in concert at Syra-

BERKELEY—A muddy, debris-strewn, ugly vacant lot, property of the University of California, has been transformed by Berkeley street people into a People's Park. After taking up a collection from nearby merchants, the hip community purchased 300 square yards of sod, all manner of plants and trees, rented a bulldozer and—zap—there was an instant park where previously only a lumpy parking lot had existed. Now it's clean and neat and green, with ancient church pews for park benches and winding walkways roped off. The workers

got out a leaflet proclaiming the park belongs to the people. But on the bulletin board at the center of the new park there was an official-looking notice indicating that the University intends to bulldoze People's Park away and put a soccer field in its place. Not disheartened, street people continued working on their park beneath brilliant sunshine the other day. We're building a handstand," one muscular young freak explained, setting his saw aside for a moment. "Wouldn't it be great to have concerts here?"

cuse, New York, Hendrix improvised a verse or two of new lyrics for a new song. The words came out something like "... and I was in this room/full of light and a thousand mirrors ..."

Those hours of interrogation by the Mounties had apparently taken their toll.

His June hearing date will also allow him to appear, as scheduled, at a Vancouver, B.C., concert on May 22nd. The Jimi Hendrix Experience is also slated for performances at the Northern California Folk Rock Festival in Santa Clara, Calif., on May 24-25th, and a stop in Hawaii before he returns to fight the dope charge.

Hendrix is being represented by the Toronto lawyer as well as by his own attorney, Steve Weiss. There is talk that the defense—logically—will claim Hendrix to be the victim of a plant.

Louis Goldblatt, who operates Celebrity Limousine Service and drove Hendrix around Toronto during his stay, says the singer was obviously surprised when customs inspectors found the purported stash. He describes how Hendrix stepped back, leaned against the railing and shook his head in amazement as if he couldn't believe it. Goldblatt naturally enough will not divulge conversations that took place later as he chauffeured Hendrix around, but does recount that Hendrix' attitude was *holy Jesus, how did this happen?*

"He was," in Goldblatt's words, "genuinely dumbfounded by the whole affair."

Goldblatt met Hendrix just as he deplaned, and he witnessed the entire incident. He—and other observers—note that the Royal Canadian Mounties behaved unusually throughout. For one thing, the Mounties (who wear regular blue police uniforms these days, incidentally, and are the chief enforcers of narcotics laws in Canada) customarily do not wait at the airport to make dope busts, as they did in Hendrix' case.

Another item is that all the inquiry and searching at the airport was done right out in the open at the customs gate. The more usual procedure is for officers and those being detained to retire from public view, in respect for the privacy of the accused. But Hendrix and company were forced to stand for hours under the gaze of scores of onlookers at the cake-shaped airport building—rent-a-car girls, cigar stand operators, porters, cab drivers and travelers—while the feds poked through their belongings.

The whole business seemed a bit too pat to Goldblatt, who's seen many (similar) cases. "You should see some of the things that have been left behind in my car for pop people," Goldblatt says. "It's really incredible."

This is most often done as a token of love, but sometimes for spite. And if somebody was out to "get" Hendrix by laying a surprise stash on him—in his suitcase, more precisely, then phoning ahead to tip off the Mounties—there was plenty of time that this might have been accomplished, from the time he left off the suitcase at Detroit to when it arrived back in his hands at Toronto.

Whatever the case, the Mounties do not typically lie in wait at the airport, ready to pounce. Toronto authorities have been getting tough on the free-living hippie community of Yorkeville, more or less Toronto's version of the Haight-Ashbury, in recent months, and there is the possibility that Hendrix may have been caught in the squeeze.

The populace of Toronto are a very conservative lot, and tend to look with suspicion upon anybody who looks and dresses a little different from themselves. Hendrix looks a lot different. Make an example of this freaky, fuzzy-haired psychedelic spade (if you go by this reasoning) and maybe you can scare the freaks out of Yorkeville.

The 26-year-old Hendrix has no previous police record and his traveled extensively on concert tours in recent years throughout Europe, Canada, and the U.S. without incident.

He was named Performer of the Year by this publication for "creativity, electricity and balls above and beyond the call of duty" in 1968. His *Electric Landlady* was named American and British Rock and Roll Album of the Year, as well. He was chosen Best Performer because: "Blues players, jazz players, rock players—all were agreed that Hendrix' improvisations transcended category and constituted music as imaginative and alive as rock and roll has known. Jimi, more than any other player, has extended the voice of amplified guitar to an incredible new range of emotive sounds."

With Hendrix at the airport, besides Redding and Mitchell, were Jerry Slickles, tour manager, Arthur Johnson, New York-based accountant, Abe Jacob, San Francisco sound engineer, Ron Terry and Red Ruffino, promoters, and Burt McCann, merchandiser of concert programs.

If the substance in question does turn out to be heroin and Hendrix is found guilty, it's a mandatory jail sentence with possibility of getting off by paying a fine or getting a suspended sentence. In Canada, the minimum dope stretch is a year's suspended sentence—and this for possession of grass. Dealing grass or holding anything stronger is punishable by at least a few months in the slammer.

There is the added possibility that by

the time of Hendrix' June 19th hearing, the Canadian feds will have lacked charges of trafficking and transporting across the border onto the possession rap. And if he's convicted on all three of these charges, the penalties could be that much stiffer.

The best guess is that a conviction would put Hendrix behind bars for from two to seven years. Canadian courts don't screw around. A dealer was convicted of bringing \$250,000 worth of grass in from Africa just the week before Hendrix was busted, and sentenced to 14 years.

In the face of this kind of justice, the likelihood that Hendrix would lose his right to travel outside the United States would be an incidental consideration.

The only light note in any of this has to do with the head of the judge who will hear Hendrix' case. It will be topped by an English style 17th-century powdered wig.

'The Ballad of John & Yoko'

LONDON—Softly on the heels of the Beatles' "Get Back" is coming "The Ballad of John and Yoko." Softly, because it is a ballad and its personnel is no more than the duo of Lennon and McCartney as a trio—Paul plays both piano and drums on the track, John of course on guitar.

The song is the story of John and Yoko's marriage in Gibraltar, bed-in in Amsterdam and visit to Paris. The reason for the unusual Beatle line-up in the recording is that George was abroad and Ringo was working on a movie when John and Paul wanted to record.

It appears that the Beatles are getting back into their old modus operandi of releasing lots of singles—doing them as often as they pop into their minds and materialize in the recording studios. They were so eager to release "The Ballad of John and Yoko" that they almost did it while "Get Back" was still climbing the charts.

But it's been decided now to let "Get Back" have its day on the market, then release the new one.

John Lennon told the British pop paper, *Melody Maker*, that the Beatles have laid down a dozen tracks for their next LP. "We've got two weeks to finish it," he said about two weeks ago. "Then as long as it takes to get the tracks together it will be out then." He figures maybe eight weeks.

FREE MUSIC

SAN FRANCISCO—What's the obvious thing to do on a nice summery day? Why, go outdoors and have a huge party with rock and roll music, of course. And it's a drag to have to pay to go to a party. So **ROLLING STONE** will try to keep you abreast of the free concert scene. Here's how it looks now:

[LOS ANGELES]

Last year the LA Free Press sponsored two or three free Sunday concerts at what was then the Cheetah pier in Venice on the beach and at Elysian Park. The beach concerts were attended by up to 25,000 people each and were (as Zappa would say) rather spiffy. The park concert was a bust, with a number of people jailed, lots of police harassment, etc.

This year the Free Press is sponsoring six concerts, four of them in the summer, all at the beach. (By then it will be the Kinetic Playground Pier on the Venice beach, 1 Navy Street, adjacent to the old Pacific Ocean Park.) Summer dates:

June 1—Memorial Day weekend, no acts committed yet.

July 6—Combined Independence Day celebration and 10th anniversary of KPFA, the local Pacifica station. Tentative plans include fireworks at sea from aboard an anchored yacht.

August 24—"Brucemas" (Lenny Bruce's birthday). Committed so far are the Mothers of Invention, Canned Heat, Jethro Tull, Steppenwolf.

September 21—Autumnal Equinox Celebration, no groups set.

John Carpenter, who organized last year's Free Press concerts, says, "It isn't hard to get the people together in Los Angeles, or to get the groups together. Los Angeles is so spread out. People come together and they don't wear their hang-ups that day."

"People come to these things for their own private reasons. Some come and groove. Others take reds and get drunk and throw bottles. But these things are for everyone; they have to be. Think about the last one, the one the cops broke up. Think about the rest of the day—before the cops came—and it was a very groovy day at the beach."

"Free shows is where I'm at politically. People sitting naked in the sun, passing a joint and . . . well, that's all the reason you need to have free shows. Groups should do at least one free show a year. They do make more than they need."

[SAN FRANCISCO]

The regular Panhandle and Hippie Hill concerts of two years ago have been scuttled by noise complaints, but Speedway Meadows, which adjoins the Polo Field where the first Be-In was held, is much in demand for organizers of free concerts. No series has been planned because the area is the regular site of large organizational picnics.

This spring various groups have already appeared at Speedway, in concerts organized by the 13th Tribe (a non-profit organization run by two chaps named Crazy Bob and Teddy Bear). Among them have been Sons of Champ-lin, MCS, Mt. Rushmore, Linn County, Allman Joy and Alice Cooper (see photo).

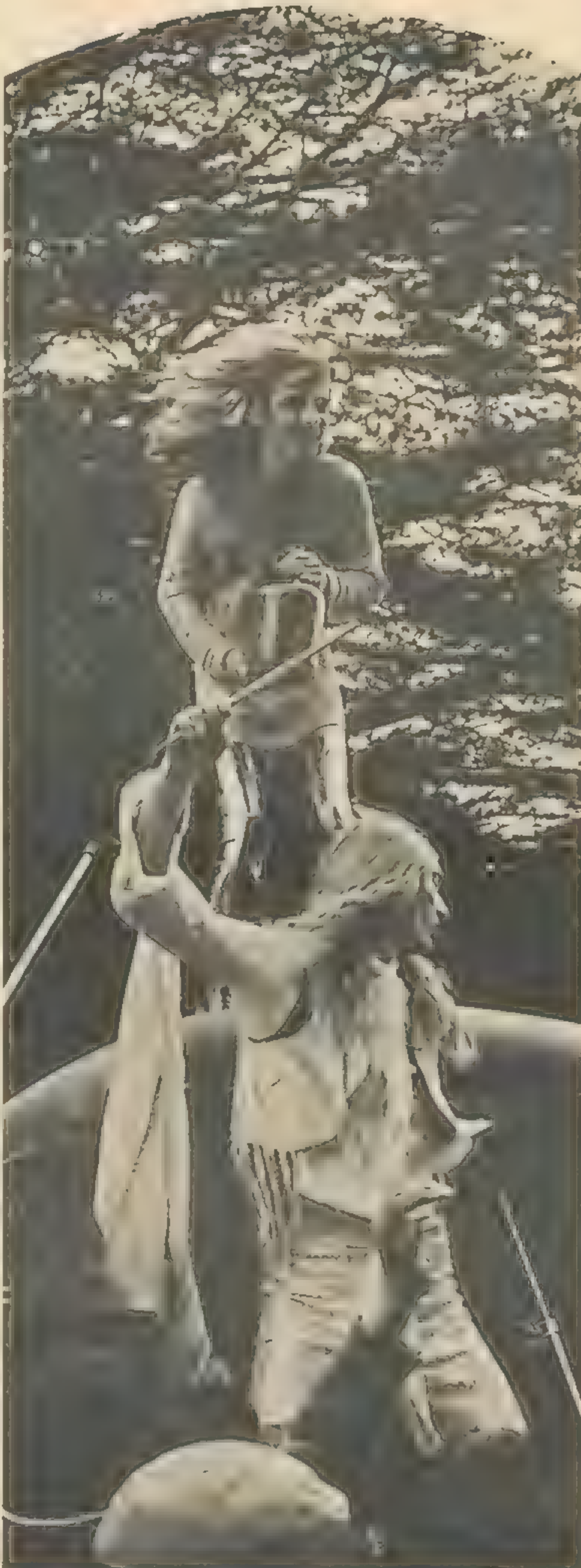
"We want people to bring all kinds of ecstatic objects," says Crazy Bob. "We want to get people back to grooving, and we think we've got the Mayor behind us, particularly if people write him lots of letters."

Furthermore, the Recreation and Parks Department sometimes permits concerts in Dolores Park and Civic Center Plaza.

[TEXAS]

Our Texas correspondent, Larry Sepulvado, reports:

"The only thing that can reasonably be counted on is gathering at the Park in Austin every other Sunday during the summer. They have facilities for a band and they can be pretty much counted on. Two or three (three—ok) Winter and Shiva's (Head Band) played unannounced. In Houston, Jubilee Hall the center for the fast coming head scene will have spontaneous unannounced things as they happen but not to count on anything. Mayall was in town a couple of weeks ago and gigged for free



VICTOR LANGER

two nights with the Moving Sidewalks.

"Otherwise, I wouldn't advise anybody coming to Texas. In Houston Hermann Park is the place to be on Sunday at the newly constructed amphitheatre called Miller Theatre, which was constructed so that Sunday afternoon music events like the Houston Symphony could perform but it's been open for a year and there has been only a couple of concerts of any type put on there and the rest of the time nothing. And no rock group is about to play there because in 1906 the City of Houston passed an ordinance that forbids any kind of musical instrument to be played in that park. It was originally passed to keep organ grinders and their monkeys out of the park, but they enforce any time you bring an acoustic guitar or harmonica or just anything, really fucked OK so much."

[ENGLAND]

Free concerts in Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath this summer involving a number of top groups are being organized by Peter Jenner and Andrew King of Blackhill Enterprises who put on the concerts in Hyde Park last summer with the Nice, Pink Floyd, Traffic, and Fleetwood Mac.

The first series of concerts will be in May, sponsored by the local borough of Camden in connection with the Camden Arts Festival and will take place on Parliament Hill Fields in Hampstead Heath. Featured groups are: on May 9th Pink Floyd and the Pretty Things, May 18th Procul Harum. Another concert on the 30th, for which groups have not yet been scheduled. Concerts on the 9th and 30th will be all-night events.

Another series of concerts will take place in Hyde Park on the first Saturday in June, July, August, and September. The first concert will feature the newly formed Clapton/Winwood/Baker trio, and the second concert, in July, will feature Led Zeppelin. Artists for August and September concerts have not yet been confirmed, but may include Fleetwood Mac, White Trash and Pete Brown's Battled Ornaments. These concerts are sponsored by the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works with the princely sum of 25 guineas (65 dollars) for all three concerts!

Other groups that will be participating are: Free, the Third Ear Band, Hard Meat, Roy Harper, Duster Bennett, and the Edgar Broughton Blues Band.

Peter Jenner, one of the organizers, said this about the motivations for organizing the concerts: "I see a direct relationship between the enjoyment and money in the music scene. Most groups can afford to do these free gigs, and those that can't should just pass around the hat. Whenever money is involved in pop there is always some kind of bring down. We would like to encourage any American groups who are in London during the summer and would like to participate to get in touch with us." The address of Blackhill is 32 Alexander St., W2. Their phone number is WES 0960.

[NEW YORK]

New York has to come last because, as all New Yorkers know, nothin' ain't for free. There is a next closest thing, though: the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park, which is only a dollar or a dollar and a half admission. Here is an idea of the rock lineup as now scheduled:

June 28, Arthur Brown and Rhinoceros; July 2, Jerry Lee Lewis, Pacific Gas & Electric; July 9, Blood, Sweat and Tears; July 12, Chuck Berry, Grateful Dead, John Lee Hooker; July 14, Jeff Beck; July 16, 10 Years After, Fleetwood Mac; July 21, B.B. King, Led Zeppelin; July 26, Sly and the Family Stone, Slim Harpo; July 28, Butterfield, Jethro Tull; July 30, Buddy Rich, Procul Harum; August 1, Beach Boys, Neil Young; August 2, the Mothers, Buddy Guy; August 15, Al Kooper.

Actually, it is likely that there will be free concerts by visiting groups, but these tend to be spontaneous and impossible to foresee.

This is only a first distant view of the free music scene for this summer. If you know of other events or series, please write in and let our readers know. We'll print all of it that fits.

Ash Grove in Ashes After \$40,000 Fire

LOS ANGELES—Fire has completely gutted the Ash Grove, a small, funky club that has served as this city's center for traditional folk and blues the past 11 years.

The fire virtually destroyed the entire club, with damages estimated in excess of \$40,000.

Everything from the kitchen back—the stage, the audience area, the lighting and sound booth, etc.—was burned, leaving only one of two gallery rooms and the small sheet music and instrument shop in the front of the building.

The blaze apparently started sometime between 2 and 3 AM April 23rd, several hours after the club's owner, Ed Pearl, had left the premises. The 200-seat club normally is used for political meetings Tuesday nights, but on this Tuesday it was closed. Pearl said he left by 8 PM.

Firemen said the blaze started in a stairwell leading to a storage area, but even days later remained puzzled as to how or why. Spontaneous combustion and electrical failure were ruled out and although there was some talk about sabotage (the leftist meetings have drawn some attack), this was deemed unlikely.

Pearl said he would rebuild the club—which he is renting—with a reopening set (hopefully) for sometime in June. In the meantime, he said he would be operating the Ash Grove at the Europa Theatre, a 200-seat movie house that has been empty for several months.

Pearl also said he was planning a benefit concert to replace at least \$20,000 worth of sound equipment he lost in the fire. He said he had no insurance on this equipment.

Hundreds of acts have played the Ash Grove since the combination night club, coffee house, gallery and folklore center opened in 1958—Flatt & Scruggs, Doc Watson, Pete Seeger, Bud & Travis, Odette and the New Lost City Ramblers among them. Others, including Canned Heat, the Limeliters, Taj Mahal and the Chambers Brothers, actually got their start in the club.

Magical Mystery Non-Benefit

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—What started as a gesture of goodwill ended in bitter bad feelings here, when a showing of the Beatles movie *Magical Mystery Tour* wound up losing money for the financially imperiled Ann Arbor Argus instead of making money.

The Argus leaped into print with a story headlined BEATLES BURN ARGUS, which told how (a) the man from Nemperor Artists had shown up too late for the advertised showings of the movie, (b) the movie was shown later but to smallish audiences and (c) did not make much money, certainly not enough (d) to pay the \$1500 guarantee Nemperor demands—even for "benefit" showings.

And so (e) even though the Argus claimed that Nemperor had waived the \$1500 clause—and (f) had failed to live up to the contract anyway, since *Magical Mystery Tour* had arrived late—Argus editor Ken Kelley agreed (g) to let the Nemperor man have \$1500 to take back to New York.

"The dude told me," said Kelley, that he had to take the bread back to his home office for the sake of [h] bookkeeping and that we'd get it [i] back."

So the Nemperor man flew home to New York with the film and the \$1500 and Kelley sat waiting by his phone and his mailbox, awaiting the return of the money. After several days of (j) no phone call and no bread, Kelley phoned the Nemperor man, Jock McLean, who'd been courier for the film.

Sorry (k) said McLean, but he had not phoned earlier concerning the \$1500, because McLean "didn't want to bring myself down [l] by having no good news for you."

Kelley, infuriated, phoned repeatedly (m) for Nat Weiss, the New York attorney who is president of Nemperor (the firm that represents the Beatles in many of its American dealings, including distribution of *Magical Mystery Tour*) and McLean's boss. But (n) every time he called, Weiss was unavailable.

That was when Kelley took typewriter in hand and wrote a long piece about

how the Beatles had burned the Argus, and how the incident had left his paper with \$500 in new debts, and goddam it all to hell, anyway. Shortly after that, Kelley was on the phone to rock and underground media all over the country to tell all about the burn.

ROLLING STONE's phone call to Nemperor's Nat Weiss got through on the first try. Weiss explained the vicissitudes of modern business, and how little money Nemperor makes on *Magical Mystery Tour*, and how it is that the \$1500 guarantee is necessary to make ends meet, and how much McLean had done to try to set things right at Ann Arbor, and how sorry they all were about the cancellation of the flight that would have gotten the movie to Ann Arbor on time.

"But no one ever waived the \$1500 clause," said Weiss. "It's in the contract and it is part of the arrangements." The whole incident was unfortunate. "We're sorry," he explained, "not so much for ourselves, but for the Beatles, who have gotten enough bad publicity lately. That's why we hope this thing won't be played up. It's entirely out of keeping with the Beatles image."

It was suggested that maybe everything could be made right again—or better, anyhow—if Nemperor could do something more to aid the Argus in its hours of increased financial aggravation.

"Well, certainly," said Weiss, his voice brightening, "if they'd like it, we could certainly give it to them again for another benefit." He said it might be possible to do it this time sans the \$1500 guarantee.

When Ken Kelley heard this, it improved his mood notably. It would be possible to recoup the earlier losses by showing the movie around Detroit a couple of times, he thought. "But Jesus," he said, "I wish they'd just give us back our \$1500. And when they send the movie this time, they better not send this McLean stud along with it."

Muddy Waters Week in Chicago

By DON DEMICHAEL

CHICAGO—For four days it was (unofficially) Muddy Waters Week in Chicago, though few knew about it until he nearly brought about the physical collapse of the Auditorium Theatre at 10:45 P.M. on April 24th with what must have been one of the most overwhelming concert performances of "Got My Mojo Working" he ever gave. For nearly 10 minutes after he left the stage, the audience roared its delight. They stomped, shouted, clapped, whistled, screamed, jumped up and down in aisles and on seats. Pleasings from the stage to calm down were to little avail.

Backstage, Waters was heard to mutter, "It's just like Newport out there."

It was an unexpected but fitting climax to a spectacularly musical week.

Actually there were two somewhat independent events that made up Muddy Waters Week. The first was a three-night Chess recording session featuring Waters, Paul Butterfield and Michael Bloomfield (the session was kept loosely under wraps because of agreements among the record companies involved). The other was the concert, which was a benefit for the Phoenix Fellowship, Academy of Cultural Exploration and Design (a theosophical, metaphysical group that hopes to "create new designs for living by developing a new approach to cultural betterment, by exploring living problems, and designing new and positive solutions").

The recording session grew out of a casual conversation between Bloomfield and Marshall Chess several months ago. Bloomfield reportedly expressed a strong desire to record with Waters and thought Butterfield would too; he even had a name for such an album, *Fathers and Sons*. Chess enlisted Norman Dayron, a close friend of all the principals, as producer, and Dayron did most of the pulling together necessary to make the session come about.

The concert sprang from the fact that so many big guns were in town at the same time. Nick Gravenites had a lot to do with keeping that end of things together.

The recording sessions, which began April 24th, were like a family reunion. Warm embraces, gentle put-ons, reminiscences alternated with brilliant takes of some of Waters' older songs. The idea was to re-create earlier hits, such



Muddy Waters & his mojo

as "Walkin' in the Park," "40 Days and Nights," and with bassist Duck Dunn and drummer Sam Lay stoking the fires, the result came close to the original. ("It's about as close as I've been to it since I first recorded it," Waters said later.)

"I've been playing blues a long time," Lay said after the Wednesday night session, "but that's the first time I really felt them."

Butterfield seemed especially pleased with the session, observing in his laconic way that "It really made me feel good to get back and really be playing some shit on the harp that was the shit I came from."

Bloomfield's reaction was more reserved: "I was happy, but I don't think it was as good as the original Muddy band . . . We are close, but I don't think there'll ever be a better band than that."

All the men on the session were to play at the Thursday night concert, but none seemed particularly excited about it. The concert seemingly was just something everybody had agreed to go through with. Certainly any musician serious about his work might look askance at an event heralded as the Cosmic Joy Scouts Super Jam.

And the concert started out as if it were going to be a farce.

Roger Wanderscheid, an excellent jazz drummer who is perhaps better known for his portrayal of a guru in a corny TV soft-drink commercial, plucked an African finger piano as the audience filed into the Auditorium. His ping-ponging sounded like there was a little air in the radiators.

Then Jo Anna Guthrie Smith of Phoenix, resplendent in a bright blue gown and multicolored hood-cape, regally strode to stage center and started talking about how thousands of years ago there were one people, one tongue, and three Faces (those of the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer), and my! how times have changed and now Phoenix (bless it!) will turn the Face of the Creator back to the People and, like, kids, this is "the first song of Phoenix!"

Somebody shouted "Music!" during Mrs. Smith's invocation, but it was nearly an hour before he got his wish. First, the approximately 2800 listeners (2600 paid) had to suffer the Ace of Cups, an amateurish five-girl group that may have been some sort of gigantic put-on (shades of Phil Spector). The Cups had it all—unsteady tempos, Christmas-carol harmony, clichéd soloists, insipid material, weak and unimaginative bass lines. . . .

Things brightened considerably (whether by contrast or not was hard to tell) when the ubiquitous Nick Gravenites took command with the able assistance of the remnants of the Quick-silver Messenger Service. He got rock-solid backing from drummer Greg Elmore and bassist David Freiberg, plus some barbed wire guitar comments from John Cipollina. Gravenites also got off a few well-conceived solos, but his strongest suit was his ingratiating singing.

Next was all-star time: Butterfield, Bloomfield and Buddy Miles (in an eye-shattering purple costume), with infallible and driving support from Duck Dunn. (Ira Kaman played organ, but he was almost inaudible.) Each star had his turn in the spotlight.

Bloomfield was up front first, singing "Hey, Little School Girl." Though his voice had a quality of innocence that seemed unnatural to the blues, his guitar work on this tune was, as usual, fetchingly turned out—long sinuous, singing lines that flowed together effortlessly. Butterfield appeared to be a bit uncomfortable with Miles' heavy-handed drumming, however.

On the next tune, the drag-tempo "Losing Hand," Butterfield came alive. He sang with gut conviction, a rawness that carried over into his superb harp solo—a howling-at-the-moon chorus followed by a no-hand-mike back-off chorus. Bloomfield, obviously enthralled by his confrere's playing, began his following solo with a phrase that seemed to stretch to eternity before Miles carried him into the second four bars with a few well-placed shots. (When an improvisation is so engrossing that it seems to last longer than it actually does—as did Bloomfield's opening four bars—the listener is being treated to music of exceptional quality.) Before he sang it out, Butterfield engaged Bloomfield in a delightful call-and-response. Butterfield ended it with a long falsetto climax that brought the crowd roaring to its feet.

The listeners' heads started bobbing as soon as the group jumped into a medium-fast blues, which, after sparkling solos by the two B's, became "Down on Broadway" when Miles took microphone to mouth. He followed with a gusty "Texas," well laced with falsetto lead-ins and cries of ecstasy. Bloomfield was caught up in the spell cast by Miles, and he bent to his task, guitar swinging 'round to his side, preening and moaning as if each note were his last.

Now, suddenly, Sam Lay and Otis Spann are on stage. The applause in—

—Continued on Page 13

creases. From nowhere Muddy appears. The atmosphere is charged with expectation.

He swings quickly into "Hoochie Coochie Man," the band—with Lay in for Miles—falls lustily in behind him. By the end of it, the people are his.

Next, a deliciously slow "Long Distance Call," Muddy in excellent voice, shouting out to the whole world. Soul-piercing guitar solo by Muddy, then one equally strong from Bloomfield. Butterfield wailing, weeping, moaning on his harp.

Ease off with "Baby, Please Don't Go" and "Sail On."

Then they're into "Mojo." Everything becomes one—the band, Muddy, the audience yelling back to him "Got my mojo workin'!"

It's over. Wild ovation. Miles dashes to the other drum set. Two drummers. Otis is into an intro. It's "Mojo" again, but faster. The people are on their feet, shouting and singing. Muddy's got everybody crazy. He ends it, turns on his heel, and makes his way through the throng of musicians and followers who have come out of the wings and onto the stage. Pandemonium. He reappears. Chaos. Attempts to quiet the crowd. The curtain drops . . . finally calm descends. People stand, spent from the emotional experience. Some stagger out.

Nothing could have possibly followed such a performance, but the curtain rose. There was to be another set, this time with Miles, Jimmy Cotton on harp, and seemingly anybody who wandered onstage, including an utterly horrible tenor saxophonist. A few good things happened, mostly because Spann got several solos (he seemed elated, his left leg flailing the air insanely as he attacked the keyboard). The night ended with a long drum solo by Miles.

But even as anticlimactic as that last set was, neither it nor anything else could diminish Muddy Waters' triumph. It was indeed his night, his week. Its like will seldom come again.



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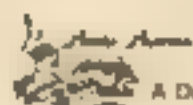
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JOHNNY CASH AT SAN QUENTIN

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

I spent 60 days in San Quentin in three hours recently and if it hadn't been for the fact that the occasion was an appearance there of Johnny Cash, I might never have gotten out.

Or so it seemed.

Let me tell you, baby, approaching the huge concrete and steel structure of San Quentin, just *approaching* it defines the phrase bad vibes.

You get the vibes in increasing intensity the closer you get to the cages and the men. Bad vibes is the only thing that expresses it. You can literally feel them.

It was a beautiful night. Rain in quick flashes like sudden desert storms alternated with the moon shining on the Bay. San Quentin, like the ghetto at Hunters Point, has the best view ever of the Bay, a touch of irony missed by most San Franciscans because they never get to either Hunters Point or San Quentin.

The moon and the huge deep purple clouds (like two-day-old bruises) were a great backdrop for the prison. You approach it on a narrow shoreline road that passes through San Quentin Village, a small country town with elm trees, a general store, half a dozen old houses with porches, and a post office and a garage all laid out in a straight line to the gate of the prison.

You drive up to the gate and an elderly guard comes out.

"I'm from the San Francisco Chronicle and I'm supposed to attend this Cash thing tonight and my name is Gleason."

The guard looked at me, smiled and said "You're from the Chronicle the parking lot's right up there on the left — walk on up to the yellow building. I'm supposed to ask you if you have any weapons."

He didn't stop for me to answer and for a minute we both chatted simultaneously as he explained where the parking lot was again and I explained that the paper bag in the front seat didn't contain a piece but a bottle of milk. I felt stupid. Who the hell takes a quart of milk to jail?

Inside—God! what a word!—there was absolutely no one visible. The huge fortress-like building had a wide yard in front of it fenced in and with a gate and a guard house. The gate was open. There was no guard. I simply walked through and up to the building. There were two huge battlements, with a glass-and-steel room in between, like the towers of a moat with a bridge slung between them. One said VISITORS and I went in. An old black cat shouted at me "We closed!! We closed!!" I said "Johnny Cash." And he said "Next door."

So I went in the middle room. It was actually an enclosed tunnel between the fortress battlements and it was full of the Cash show people, guests, a TV camera crew from Granada in England and guards.

"We're waiting until the men come down," one guard told me. You could smell the uptightness in the room. Cash looked like a haunted man, deep scoops under his burning eyes and his jaw muscles working like he was chewing invisible gum.

Suddenly we started to move. Jesus, I thought, you mean nobody even searches you? Nobody did. Two guards made you walk through a little gate and they stamped your left hand like at a dance. Then we walked across a macadamized inner yard where we could see the rooftop guards' catwalk. There was a chapel and as we rounded one building we could see, through another gate at which there was no guard, the prison wing itself. Just like in the movies. All down one side there was the stairwell and the men were running down it and you could hear their feet pounding the steel steps and making a low rattling thunder. We went through the gate and the men from the prison filed to one side ahead of us under a shed.

We were to enter a long squat building like a huge garage. We went in at the door nearest us. The prisoners, snaking along at a quickstep, went in at the rear.

Inside we were backstage. Simple as that. A big curtain and a big stage and a dressing room for the company. Some of us walked around the curtain, testing to see where we could go and we found we

—Continued on Next Page



Johnny Cash at an earlier prison gig at Folsom

JIM MARSHALL

could go anywhere. The TV crew was all over the place, up on the catwalks under the roof (it was like a huge chicken wire tunnel with two boards for a walk at the bottom). There were chairs at the side for the guests to sit for the show, while the prisoners had moved the long dining tables and benches around so they could sit on them facing the stage. Guards stood casually all around.

Columbia was taping the show for another album and Bob Johnston, fresh from producing a Dylan album in Nashville ("It's got a track on it where he sings with Johnny Cash") and a Cash album ("we brought him to the studio for a day") and taping four hours of Cash and Dylan singing Cash and Dylan songs ("They did songs of Dylan's that Johnny has done and some Cash songs, 'Walk the Line' and others") was bouncing around, beaming. Johnston is a reddish blonde man who looks like a plumper version of Mike Love of the Beachboys and who produces the Dylan, Cash, Marty Robbins, Flatt & Scruggs records in Nashville as well as West and a number of other rock-ish pop groups. He smokes cigars and claims "Ah don't do nuthin', Ah just let the tapes run."

Behind the curtains, the Carter Family (Mother Maybelle; June Carter, Johnny's old lady; and her sister) waited to go on. They are dressed like a plainer version of the King Sisters. Chicken pie and mashed potatoes homey. The Statler Brothers ("smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo") looking like trainees at the World's Fair in unisex jackets, stood around talking to Carl Perkins, who was wearing black leather pumps rather than blue suede shoes. Perkins held his guitar firmly. It had a white strap and a white cord connecting it to the outlet. He was slick and barbershop neat and looked like a Nashville insurance salesman, but he sure could sing and play, we learned shortly.

There was great confusion backstage for half an hour or so, and then one of the assistant wardens came back and said, "These men are getting restless, you better go on," and June Carter said, "We were waiting for word from you."

So the show started.

"Prison audiences are the best audiences in the world," Cash said backstage as the Statler Brothers were singing. You could tell they were by the way they applauded the Statlers. Prison life sets it up so anything at all is good in one sense. They are grateful, which is an odd emotion for an audience.

Then the Carter Family went on stage.

The inmates yelled, screamed, roared and shouted. Mother Maybelle, who can't be a day under 60, looked pretty good to a guy who'd been in for seven years, and he didn't mind saying so. "Keep your hands out of each others' pockets," she said, and they screamed and laughed and loved it. The sound when those prisoners saw the three women trot on stage was pure unadulterated lust.

Carl Perkins did this thing, "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Freeborn Man," and a lean, lantern-jawed con in the front row cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted at Perkins. When Carl threw in a couple of blues guitar licks they screamed appreciatively.

The dozen or so black faces in the crowd of about 1400 smiled now and then when Perkins played. They

were in several small groups. Never alone. And when the Statler Brothers were on, the black faces were impassive. Neutral city.

Cash paced backstage like a lion. Long strides, his grey slacks and his highbutton black shoes swirling as he spun around one of the stage supports. He had on a blue open collar shirt and his long, box-back black coat, and he sweats before he goes on. The Carter family was back on stage again and Cash gripped the curtain and yelled HOOOEEEEY!! YEH! YEH! YEH! and the prisoners looked away from the stage to him for a minute and then he shot across in front of the side curtain shaking hands with the prisoners in the front row while the cameramen followed him and a light shone down from the catwalk above, and then he leaped on stage.

Cash is electric without plugging in. It surprises you when Carl Perkins is so good. You know Cash will be. That's all. His band gathers behind him and they just look like people, dressed up to go to church, maybe, but not like musicians. Cash looks like the lead in all the best TV Westerns. He's the law west of Pecos come to straighten things out, a Marshall Dillon who doesn't care what you were before, it's what you are now and no questions asked.

And he understands cons.

He sang 'em all his old ones. "You're bad, Johnny Cash!" an old, sour looking con in the audience yelled, smiling. "We have cliques in here, you know," one of the guards said. "All the okies are here tonight."

The guard looked like an old con himself. They are split into two types. The old ones like him look as if they were just prisoners in guards' uniforms, each part of the other, doing time together and only hoping it will work out OK for both. Then there are the young ones who look like storm troopers. Tall, lean, blonde and Highway Patrol athletic. They don't smile much. The old ones grin now and then and smoke bad cigars and don't bother to walk upright; they slouch all the time.

"You been in here before? This your first visit?" a lean, close-cropped con asked me. Three times that night he asked the same question. I gave him the same answer every time. Once I said, "How long you been here?" and he said "Seven years," and that made me shut up quick.

"San Quentin Welcomes Johnny Cash," it said on the wall in big letters behind Cash. "He'll do a good show," a con said to me, "he was here a couple of years ago and they wanted him to cut his show and he said 'I came here to sing and I'm gonna do my show,' and he did."

Cash said, "I've been here three times and I feel I know how you think about some things. Some things it's none of my business what you think, and there's some things I don't give a damn what you

think!" The cons roared their approval.

Then Cash sang a song he wrote the previous afternoon. It concerned "some of the things I feel about San Quentin."

Earlier, backstage, he said he'd written a new song for San Quentin. "It's a bloody one," he said, his smile coming out of the side of his mouth. He sings sideways like that as if he's spent a lifetime passing the word down the line.

"San Quentin, you've been a living hell to me" Cash sang, and the audience went dead quiet. The guards looked up in the little groups they were in under the menu board hung from the ceiling which said, "One Serving Only."

"Mr. Congressman, you don't understand," Cash sang. "What good do you think you do? Do you think I'll be different when you're through?" and the cons cheered him. "I'll leave here a wiser and a weaker man."

The close-cropped con muttered, "That's a false note. Nobody leaves here weaker. Wiser, yes. But not weaker. You leave here two ways, dead or stronger."

San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell," Cash screamed the last line out and then repeated it. The cons screamed back. A tall young guard spun around, smacked one fist into the other palm and said "He's right!"

Cash sang a sacred song. Then he brought the Carter Family back. Then he and June did "Jackson" and then he did "Folsom Prison" and they screamed again and then he did more religious songs.

What he did was right on the edge. If he had screwed it up one notch tighter the joint would have exploded. He knew just when to stop.

On the wall on one side just over a loudspeaker fifteen feet above the floor, a dining room fork was imbedded in the stucco wall, thrown there in some demonstration with force enough to stick.

Cash brought everybody on stage and they had a kind of community sing on "Daddy Sang Bass."

"Cash is real," the close-cropped con told me. "These cons would spot a phony in a hot second."

The show was over and Bob Johnston drawled, "I told you I didn't do nuthin' but let the tapes roll." The guests and the performers left in groups escorted by the guards and the cons filed out the back to return to their cells. We walked across the empty courtyard and through the front gate again and showed our pass-out stamp on our left hand and the air was better even in the front yard.

The cars in the parking lot lit up and started and one by one they filed to the last gate, the guard stopping each one and opening the trunk to see there were no escapees hiding inside.

As I drove down the road through San Quentin Village I realized how uptight I had been, the muscles in my stomach relaxing gradually. "What do you think of it?" the con had asked me when I told him it was my first time inside. "It's a good place to stay out of," I had remarked.

As I got out of town and back on the highway I realized just how true that was. It is a good place to stay out of.

No wonder they are the best audiences in the world.



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JOEL COIGNEY

By Jerry Hopkins

Bonnie Bramlett is the female part of a new recording act, Delaney & Bonnie and Friends, and the wife of the Delaney part. She, like her husband, is from rural America and when she speaks, it is in an accent that used to be called hillbilly, but now it's called soulful (as in soul-fall).

Bonnie is a Scorpio, a Strong One and unlike most Scorpions, she likes to tell stories on herself, stories that make her seem somewhat the brunt of her own joke. One of these stories has to do with one of her first public appearances as a vocalist, five years old and singing "Beautiful Golden Harbor" at the family church in Granite City, Illinois (pop. 6,900 when she left), a steel town; she says her daddy worked in one of the mills from the day he was 15 years old.

"The Pope," Bonnie says, "that's my aunt; we call her the Pope, she's sooooo religious, everything you do is sin, but she's sooooo puuuuuure! She played piano at this church and I sang. She worked me for two weeks to learn this song. I was only five years old an' it's the longest song. 'Beautiful Golden Harbor . . . harbor of God's love. . .'"

She was singing the words to the song now, still running the sentences together in one great enthusiastic paragraph.

"It was a lot for a little kid like me to remember An' boy, she stressed: 'Don't you do innuthing between words. Don't you add words. Don't you forget innu either.'"

Now Bonnie was doing her aunt's voice.

"Every night, boy," Bonnie said, returning to her own voice, "she stood me at that piano for two weeks, learnin' that darned song. By the time we got there, to the church, I was so petrified of messin' up that song—'cause she'd-a killed me—I stood up there and

sang that song and I didn't miss a word. I didn't miss a lick of it, but I was so scared of my aunt, the Pope, I pee'd a stream right down my leg all the way through the song, an' it was at a revival, where everybody comes and sees you."

End of story

Beginning of Delaney, & Bonnie and Friends, a story that ranges from small country bars in southern Illinois to Ike and Tina Turner's early days in St. Louis to a house and two kids in suburbia; from rural Mississippi to stardom on *Shindig* to contracts with Elektra and Apple.

And beginning with Delaney, because that's the way Bonnie says it should be, even if Bonnie & Delaney is more euphonious than putting Delaney first. "You don't say Missus and Mister, do you?" Bonnie asks. "You always say the man's name first. That's the natural way."

Delaney is from Mississippi, he said, where when his grandma died, his grandpa, Papa John, married again and now his grandpa has a little girl just nine years old—which means Delaney, who is in his twenties somewhere, now has an aunt less than half his age. Delaney also tells you his grandpa's first wife, Lude Mae, was the granddaughter of a Cherokee Indian chief—which makes Delaney one-fourth red-skin.

The stories do not come splashing out as Bonnie's do. Delaney recites his background slowly, quietly, modestly; almost shyly.

"I picked up a g-tar when I was about eight," he said, his voice a soft Mississippi voice. "Down there jus' about everybody can play at least three chords. At least there's somebody in each house. My mother bought me a g-tar and this guy R. C. Wetherall taught me the rest. I was 15 or 16 when I actually got interested in it, rilly got into it. But I started earlier. I started singin' in school things, whatever

they'd let me sing in. I had a quartet when I was 12 years old. I really started fast."

Delaney tells you about an uncle he has who can eat three whole chickens at one sitting, and the guy only weighs 160 pounds. He talks about how he didn't have running water inside the house when he was a kid, so he had to pump water in the front yard and boil it on the stove for bathing.

He gives you his daddy's and his new mommy's and his nine-year-old aunt's address: Route 3, Randolph, Mississippi. He laughs quietly. Randolph, he says, has only two stores and a post office, and his nine-year-old aunt rides a horse to school.

"I joined the Navy before I was 17," he says. "I was two and a half, three years in the Navy. I spent half my tour at Great Lakes, Illinois, where I took boot camp. Land duty. Half my tour I was on land. You know the saying 'Join the Navy and see the world,' well, then they sent me out a ship that didn't land anywhere; it just passed places. The only place it landed was Norfolk, Virginia."

Delaney laughs at his own misfortune as he tells this minor story, then says he moved to California after his discharge, finding his first civilian job paid him eight dollars a night serving beer in a saddle bar, one of the country-western joints that dot the San Fernando Valley.

"It was a rough neighborhood," he says. "I had to fight my way to my car every night."

In time, of course, Delaney moved from behind the bar to in front of the crowd, working the country bars not as a barkeep but as part of the evening's entertainment: it was in the Palomino Club in North Hollywood, in fact, that Delaney was asked if he'd like to appear on a pilot television show for the American Broadcasting Company.

Asking that question was an Englishman named

—Continued on Next Page

Carl Radle





Jim Keltner

Jack Good, who had an idea for a country-western show called *Shindig*. Delaney said he'd like to do the show and the program was alright but nothing special and somehow Jack Good got approval to do it again, this time as a rock and roll show, and this time it made it, and one of the things that came out of *Shindig* was a singing duo called the Shindogs. One of the Shindogs was Delaney Bramlett. (The other was Joey Cooper.)

Every week for nearly two years the Shindogs sang on *Shindig*, country-rocking their way into millions of Tuesday and Friday night living rooms, actually playing some fine music. (Besides the two musician-singers, there were a number of good men backing them, among them Don Preston, now of the Mothers of Invention.) The Shindogs travelled the country on the dozens of *Shindig* tours, got fan mail, were stars.

Then when the show was cancelled, the Shindogs began to drift, and one of the last gigs was at the Carolina Lanes bowling alley in Inglewood, near the L.A. International Airport. On the bill with Delaney and his Shindogs that night was another duo, Sam the Soul and Bonnie Lynn.

"I always wanted to be a singer," she says. "I don't remember wanting to be anything other than that."

When Bonnie was young, her parents divorced, remarried, and on weekends, she says, her real daddy would pick her up and take her to Stallings Park, which was a tavern, because that's where he went.

"Curley Lawson and his wife Addybelle and the Kissin' Cousins worked there," Bonnie says. "They called themselves the Pickers and Grinders. I was 12 and sang 'Kansas City' in my bare feet with them. I'd take my shoes off and they'd call me Barefoot Bonnie."

Bonnie says her first real job came when she was 15, at the Gaslight Square in St. Louis, just a half dozen miles away, across the Mississippi River from Granite City. "I worked everywhere in St. Louis," she recalls. "I sang alone, I sang with other people, I sang with partners." Those she sang with included impressive blues figures old and new: Little Milton, Albert King, Fontella Bass, and the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. The Ike and Tina story is the funniest.

"Jessie Mae Smith used to be one of the Ikettes, along with Roberta Montgomery and Vanetta Fields," Bonnie says. "Jessie used to go with Sam Rhodes, who was the bass player. So Ike got mad at Sam and he fired him. Ike is so mean; he's terrible."

At this point, someone said that wasn't a nice thing to say in front of a tape recorder. "Ike knows he mean and terrible," Bonnie said, "I've told him he is."

"So anyway," she goes on, "Jessie left when Sam left and they needed an Ikettes. I was there so I went

—Continued on Next Page



Bob Keys



with them. For three days. I was 17 and I was white and my mother wouldn't let me stay any longer than that. I could only help them out, she said. So I just put on a dark wig because I'm blonde and Mun Tui because I'm white and helped them out."

"I always wanted to come to California," Bonnie said, "because everybody told me if I came to California I'd be a star. First chance I got, this is where I came."

Some time after that, after working and trying to work as a single, she joined Sam and the Soul and went into the Carolina Lanes.

Bonnie: "We were both workin' there separately. We coulda been workin' together, though. Tell 'im, Delaney, tell 'im whatcha did, tell 'im, go on."

Delaney: "I don't remember. What'd I do?"

Bonnie: "Delaaaaaanaaaaaaancy . . ."

Delaney: "What'd I do baby?"

Bonnie (to the interviewer): "Boy, you're not gonna believe this. This is the topper."

Delaney: "Well . . . let me tell it then." (Laughter) "We had to work five sets a night of our own and they said there was this other act and they wanted us to play with them too and we said no . . . boo!"

Bonnie: "You worked three and we did two. If you'da backed us, you'da had to do five. Lazy! Go 'head, Delaney, tell 'im what a awful trio we had to work with. Tell 'im, Delaney" (To interviewer again): "I wouldn't even speak to that band. I hated Delaney, because they were so goooooo and we had to work with that stinkin' trio . . ."

Bonnie was doing then what she probably did when it happened: Being coy, looking as sexy as possible, cooing.

Bonnie goes on: "The last night somebody asked me if I talked to Delaney and I said Delaney Who? I wasn't talkin' to him. This guy said it was somethin' about recordin' and so I tol' Delaney to look my number up in information; I couldn't remember it."

She said this with a coy look at her husband. They've been married about two years, had a kid 14 months (and a four-year-old by somebody's previous marriage), were settled into suburbia with a hooked rug on the floor and a color TV, and still they were coy. It wasn't what might have been expected, but reassuring somehow.

Delaney says he went to the apartment-hotel where Bonnie lived, the next night started keeping house, five days later got married, and eight months after that, they were seven months pregnant and standing in front of the microphones in a Memphis studio, the first white act ever signed by Stax-Volt. A fine album of songs was cut, with Booker T. and the MG's providing a standard (excellent) Stax-Volt

sound, but the LP was never released.

Bonnie says, "They just didn't know what to do with us," and Delaney says, "They put us in the Stax bag, was what happened. It didn't come off as personal as this one, the Elektra album, did. So we asked for a release."

The Stax album is a fine one, in some ways more forceful than the Elektra LP, but Mr. and Mrs. Bramlett are correct in saying it isn't as personal as it might be; in fact, it sounds quite like most of the product from Memphis-Muscle Shoals.

They say their manager, Alan Panser bailed them out of the Stax-Volt contract and negotiated their present contracts with Elektra and Apple (who will distribute the LP in England).

Before meeting Panser, though, Delaney and Bonnie paid dues. Delaney was pulling down a big \$50 a month as a contract writer for Metric Music (Liberty publishing house) and evenings when they could get gigs, they both were singing their hearts out in creepy pseudo-Mafioso bars and Valley taverns. Sometimes they were even paid.

Don Williams was their manager at this time; Don is Andy's brother and is part of the Bernard-Williams Agency. Delaney and Bonnie remember the year with mixed emotions. They resent not getting "so much as a microphone"; Bonnie even says "Delaney got a sweater from Don Williams and that's all." Yet, they also say they were given a release when they requested it. Delaney said, "In their business, they're about the best, but we're not in their business."

It was then that Gram Parsons of the Flying Burrito Brothers told Alan Panser there was a swell group playing in this funky bar in the San Fernando Valley . . .

"Alan played the Stax-Volt tape for me a long time ago," Elektra's West Coast director David Anderle says. "I said I'd be interested if he were managing the group. Then later I heard he was managing. Some time after that I was at Paxton [Elektra's now-defunct recording retreat] and I got a call from my wife who said Alan had called and George Harrison was in town and he wanted to see me. So I flew down to Alan's and I heard the live tape, the one they'd recorded on a Mickey Mouse system at that club in the Valley, just to see what they could get. I think Alan was talking to George even then about Apple representing the group in England. I said I was interested."

By the time Delaney & Bonnie and Friends ("we never did have a band, just the few friends who'd play with us") signed with Elektra, they were becoming one of the Los Angeles-based groups to (1) say you had seen and heard at Snoopy's on Laurel

Canyon Boulevard in the Valley, or at one of the other tiny joints, or (2) sit in or jam with.

In the late Winter and early Spring weeks, before and after signing with Elektra, Dr. John the Night Tripper sat in with Delaney and Bonnie at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach, Buddy Miles, Steve Stalls and Albert Collins jammed with them at the Whisky a Go Go, and Jimi Hendrix added his guitar to theirs at the Teen Age Fair. To name a few.

Slowly, the "Friends" part of the group began to settle into a semblance of permanence, rather than represent whoever happened by at the right moment (Although the number still fluctuates.) Leon Russell, formerly of the Asylum Choir, became a Friend and played clear, bright guitar and piano on most of the album tracks and helped arrange the material. Carl Radle, formerly with Colors, has been with them longest, on bass. Jim Keltner, formerly with the MC-Squared and Gabor Szabo, plays drums; Jerry McGhee shares the guitar work with Delaney and Russell; Bobby Whitlock plays organ and sings harmony; Bob Keys plays saxophone; Jim Price plays trumpet and trombone; and Rita Coolidge adds another voice to the chorus.

David Anderle tells a story about Jimmy Haskell's reaction to the LP and group. Haskell was called in to add strings to two of the songs after the album was complete, Anderle said, and it was not until after Haskell had finished his work and the LP was ready for release that Haskell learned Bonnie was white. Anderle said Haskell assumed, from her voice, she was black.

Delaney comes in, meantime, with a range that shoots from gentleness to a foot-stomping gospel shout. His writing—most of it accomplished in under two weeks' time—accounts for nearly all the material on the LP. And all of his songs have been covered by others, from Glenn Yarbrough ("Gift of Love") to the Staple Singers ("Ghetto" and "Get Ourselves Together").

*We got to get ourselves together
Take some time to talk it over
We got to get ourselves together
Try and understand each other*

Delaney & Bonnie and Friends seem to have done just that. They're family. They have two cats (named Alice and Ralph, for "The Honeymooners," presumably) and a pregnant German Shepherd (named Velvet). When they argue, it is about whether it was brown gravy or milk gravy Delaney had on his grits when he was young. And outside the house, in the front yard, close by the front door and near trees, is a well. Just like back home on Route 3 Randolph, Mississippi.

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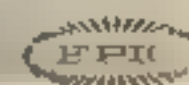


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JIM BALL

FESTIVAL IN BLACK

BY JOHN BURKS

Sonny Rollins walked onto the immense (125-foot) outdoor stage all alone, blowing his tenor saxophone as he emerged in view. He used no rhythm section, no other horns, nobody else. Just Sonny Rollins and his gleaming, full-hearted tenor. A full moon glowed chalky white in the chill sky over Berkeley. Rollins, a tall black man who looks tough enough to whip Muhammad Ali—and plays saxophone that way—caught a glimpse of the moon in the corner of his eye and fit a glorious taste of the ancient "Full Moon and Empty Arms" into the intricate, vibrant web of his improvisation.

He was a specter. A presence. Sonny Rollins is wearing a Mohican haircut these days, and an extravagant Pancho Villa/Fu Manchu mustache—draping his muscular frame with an ivory turtle-neck, a chocolate brown double-breasted blazer and gray bell bottoms. He is dazzling. At first his surroundings seemed to dwarf even Rollins—one man alone under the stars, with nothing between himself and 10,000 people except his horn.

But as torrent upon torrent of exquisite passion issued from the bell of his saxophone, Sonny Rollins actually grew in size to monumental proportions—eight, ten, 14, 18 feet in height, until by the end of his 40 minutes onstage he stood 20 feet tall! Rollins stalked and paced and prowled through the grove of microphones arranged about the Greek Theater stage, building his musical structure from the inside out, like a huge ever-expanding tapestry, beautiful in its details, overwhelming in its totality.

It was the most inspired performance of Third Annual University of California Jazz Festival (April 25-26) and one of its two most genuinely exciting moments. After 25 minutes, Rollins walked to a microphone at center stage, shifted from a searing balladic tempo into his own Caribbean-flavored "St. Thomas"—a warbling, waddy funny version of this best-known Sonny Rollins tune—then leaned nearer the mike and rified out "we thank you/we thank you/we thank you/we thank you/we thank you" without missing a lick. (The only words he was to utter.)

His horn back in his chops, Rollins strode off stage left, still waiting. The audience stood applauding, shouting and screaming for more. In response, Rollins reappeared, playing even better than before, almost as if he'd only been warming up earlier. He was blowing now with his tenor held out at full arm's length, his head tilted back, a very dramatic posture. Tender, gentle passages exploded into vast, multi-noted exclamations that seemed to encapsulate all of jazz expression. Now and again he would approach the microphone diffidently, make a few bleating statements, one hand free from his horn and gesticulating conversationally. He was chatting with us through his horn!

Rollins has a way of weaving his improvisations of scraps of old pop songs and jazz compositions, and he plays each one its own way.

He can be stately or sardonic or pleading—all in the same breath, often all at once. Kaleidoscopic juxtapositions of melody chase across Rollins' landscape—"I Hear Music," "Wagon Wheels," "Camptown Race-track," "Without A Song," "Now's the Time," "Three Blind Mice," "I Can't Get Started," "Almost Like Being in Love," "The Star Spangled Banner," "I'm an Old Cowhand," and dozens of others, each one bent and hammered into Sonny Rollins' shape.

For instance—and incredibly—the national anthem encompassed condensed the whole history of the saxophone in its fleeting half-minute trip, from the hollow, wobbly intonation that its inventor, Adolphe Sax, must have gotten out of the horn over a hundred years ago, through the quicksilver fury of Eric Dolphy and the volcanics of John Coltrane. And it came out distinctly Sonny Rollins.

It is not a new style. It is the style Rollins pioneered and developed during the Fifties. Sonny Rollins' style, along with those of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, is one of the cornerstones of contemporary free-form playing. It does not matter that newer developments have come along in the decade since Sonny Rollins was the farthest-out tenor player on the scene. There is a universe of expression inside Sonny Rollins, and every time he plays, he offers you a look at new nebulae within that universe.

At the very end, Rollins again walked to the lip of the stage, a playful expression on his face, sending

eddies of lovely, complete music reverberating out through his audience. Then his tone broadened abruptly—his vibrato suddenly wider than a diva's—and he sounded the final four notes of "St. Thomas"—*daa-a-a/daah/dooot/DAAA-A-aaaaahhh!!!*—grinned a fleeting, real smile of satisfaction—turned on the ball of his right foot and skipped off the stage with the athletic ease and grace of an O. J. Simpson.

The memory of this remarkable unaccompanied set is a treasure few who shared it are ever likely to lose or misplace.

[THE ELDRIDGE CLEAVER OF JAZZ]

As it worked out, this year's Berkeley Jazz Festival was almost entirely black. All the bands on the week-end bill (with the exception of a local jazz group used as a warm-up band) were black-led, and only a handful of the musicians were white. Co-sponsor of the event this year, along with an all-campus entertainment organization, was the Afro-American Student Union, and the emphasis was most decidedly upon black-is-beautiful, black-is-jazz and militant rap and stance. There was Nina Simone, singing about how whiteness would have to pay. Cannonball Adderly in his full-length African robe—and his whole band, white pianist Joe Zawinul included, in dashikis. Archie Shepp interspersing his black revolutionary poetry in amongst his sporadic saxophone playing. And during the "Afternoon of African Rhythms" both Max Roach and Roy Haynes flashed the clenched-fist liberation salute after completing their drum solos.

Archie Shepp served as artist-in-residence during the week of the festival. Somebody once called Shepp the "Eldridge Cleaver of Jazz," and the description more or less fits. At one point Shepp was calling himself a Marxist; he doesn't make as big a point of it now. But he sees jazz very much as a social force, as illustrated by something he said in an interview with Leroi Jones:

"The Negro musician is a reflection of the Negro people as a social and cultural phenomenon. His purpose ought to be to liberate America esthetically and socially from its inhumanity."

Shepp works so hard to act out the role of artist-as-cultural-guerilla that a number of observers of the

—Continued on Page 26

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Archie Shepp

JOHN GRISSIM

jazz scene have labeled him a fraud. Granted that Shepp is an erratic performer and almost entirely humorless in the way he sets out to liberate us, there remains something compelling about the man.

At mid-week, Archie Shepp gave a lecture in a lounge at the student union on the esthetics of jazz. Heller Lounge was absolutely packed, students sitting on chairs, on the floor, against the walls, all the way out beyond the lounge to the limits of the public address system's range. There must have been 300 or 600.

In strolled Shepp, wearing a cloth cap and a tailored black suit, white button-down shirt, tie with neat chalkis print. Super-cool. Eyeing the students without turning his head. Puffing at his cigaret. Sucking in at the filter. Blowing the smoke out in a thin stream between pursed lips. He speaks very slowly, precisely. "The connection between jazz music . . ." Puff at cigaret. Blow smoke. ". . . and gospel slave songs . . ." Puff. Blow. ". . . is the ethic of survival." Puff. The smoke threads out from his lips. Pause. Cocks his head. No expression. Super-cool.

He sings a work song—just a snatch of one—"Taken this hammuh—hah!—taken this hammuh—" Pause. "The rhythm," says Shepp, "fit the work." Pause. "The black people were not brought here to play jazz." Puff. Stare. Blow. "In the beginning we sang worksongs and we were slaves."

There was very little news in any of this for his audience. There may be places in the United States where the jazz-came-up-from-slavery/black-people-sing-the-anguish-of-their-oppressions number is not common knowledge, but Berkeley is not one of those places.

"Soul," Shepp continued, "is a collective experience." He lit another cigaret and cast a look about the roomful of predominantly white faces. No one stirred to argue.

"Some people contend that whites can't play jazz." Pause. "I would not agree. I would say there are only a few who play with the feeling of black musicians." He told how, when you go to Europe, you'll hear good horn players, but you'll rarely find a good rhythm section, and even more rarely a good drummer—"and if you do he's invariably an expatriate and usually black."

[CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE]

During the week, noon-hour jazz concerts were scheduled Monday through Friday, and the day after Shepp spoke (on Thursday) an excellent band called Smoke was performing on the plaza just outside the lounge. The sun was hot and it felt great to stretch out on the concrete and let the lovely, atmospheric sounds seep into your pores. Smoke is a new-jazz quintet that improvises along stream-of-consciousness procedures rather than re-running the same series of chord changes over and over. Whereas the textures of Archie Shepp's music are often jagged and downright ugly, Smoke—operating out of a similar esthetic—achieves a marvelous balance between intensity and mellowness. Their tenor player, Kenny Washington, is a particular knockout.

The thing about Smoke is that their tenor, trumpet and vibes players are black, but the bassist and drummer—the rhythm section—are white, and a more musically integrated group you could not find. This set me to thinking about what Archie Shepp had said the day before, so I thought I'd go to his office and raise a couple of questions. The trouble was that he wasn't there for what were supposed to be his office hours, and nobody seemed to know where he was.

The same was true the next day during Shepp's listed office hours. But what the hell—nothing went right that day. This was the Friday that the award-winning Lee Schipper group was supposed to play a noon-time concert, but didn't show up for it; the day that Archie Shepp didn't make it either; and the day that Nat Adderly (Cannonball's trumpet-playing brother, and a witty and observant social critic in his own right) failed to show up his late-afternoon lecture on the sociology of jazz.

It was a day without jazz, this final weekday of the jazz festival. A fair portion of the day was devoted to watching the endless parade of Berkeley chicks—attired, in honor of the summery weather, in all manner of flimsies and see-throughs. An incredible assortment of people, a mad old evangelist hustling passers-by and thumping his Holy Bible, Iranian students selling iced pineapple on a stick, a hippie skiffle band stomping out your favorites for spare change, short brunets in sorority clothes, tanned and scrubbed, staggering under loads of books, and the student union public address sounding the whole first side of Steve Miller's *Children of the Future*.

[A NATURAL SENSE OF RHYTHM]

Except for Sonny Rollins' triumph, the Friday night show was a disappointment. It had looked strong on paper. The whole Festival looked strong on paper. Friday night's lineup was Max Roach and his wife Abbey Lincoln, Archie Shepp, Rollins and Albert King. Saturday afternoon's "African Rhythms" session had Max Roach, Roy Haynes, Zutty Singleton, Pops Foster, Tony Williams and King Errison. Saturday night it was Herbie Hancock, Nina Simone, Cannonball Adderly and the Edward Hawkins Singers (the group formerly known as Northern California State Youth Choir, whose recording of "Oh Happy Day" is becoming something of a household word). The feeling you got was that the U.C. Jazz Festival organizers had weeded out all the chaff and had gotten together an absolutely nitty gritty lineup. Unlike Monterey and Newport where you've got to sit through two groups to get to one you really wanted to hear.

Unfortunately, the first evening all but fell apart, owing to factors that were, in the main, unforeseeable. The exception here was Archie Shepp's set, which was as one-dimensional and barren as you might have expected. But neither Max Roach nor Albert King could be blamed for the misfortunes that beset their performances.

The Rev. Charles Belcher—whose Downs Memorial Methodist Church Choir backed Max and Abbey Lincoln in a new composition of the drummer's—opened the evening with a brief talk (not quite preaching): "I hope we can be reminded of the beauty of blackness." Jazz, he said, can be "redemptive of American society." He asked that the musicians do it "in memory of all the brothers who have fallen on behalf of freedom."

"Do your thing," said the minister, "in memory of Jesus, Malcolm and Martin."

Max and Abbey and Roach's quintet were willing. But, alas, the Downs Memorial Methodist Choir proved not to be able. They were all black people, predominantly older black people, most of whom had the solid, respectable look that comes after years in the roles of "Mom" and "Dad" and "Grandma" and "Grandfather." It would seem—to judge by their performance with Max Roach—that these folks customarily sing their hymns in the traditional style (non-Gospel) that white people brought to this country from Europe. They didn't swing for an instant, and

Roach's music is predicated on a driving, storming beat. And on one particular syncopated number they got so hung up that the whole thing collapsed, and Roach's rhythm section had to scuffle frantically to re-establish the beat.

There is no point belaboring the difficulties of the hapless choir. Suffice it to say that black is beautiful, but not all black people have a natural sense of rhythm—or at least that not all black people are tuned in to the same rhythm. (The rock and roll equivalent to putting this choir behind Max Roach would be to back the band from Big Pink with the Fred Waring Chorus. The pity is that Roach, who is a master of jazz drumming and an interesting composer, was not backed up by the Edwin Hawkins Singers—who provided, along with Sonny Rollins, the most exciting moments of the whole festival. It is probably safe to guess that not one of the 46 young singers in Hawkins' aggregation ever sang an unswinging note. A Roach/Hawkins collaboration could have been a bitch. More on that later.)

There is no way to tell how good Roach's aptly named work, *Troubled Waters*, might have been. But his wife, Abbey Lincoln, who's starred in movies like *Nothing But A Man* and *For the Love of Ivy*, is one gorgeous woman. No question about that situation. And when she sang "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord," it was a poignant and delicious experience.

It has been reliably reported that one of the lines from Shepp's poem/performance was "Take this excannibal's kiss / And turn it into a revolution." This reporter found it impossible to understand him through the garble and tumble of his music. The rest of his band (drums, bass, trombone) is competent, but all attention focuses on Shepp, really, and he is a difficult cat to evaluate. How do you evaluate poetry that cannot be heard? You could hear a phrase here and a few words there—but a poem is a unit and must be heard as such.

The same could be said for his tenor playing. He'd walk to the microphone, trim and handsome in his double-breasted pinstripe suit and Nairobi hat, unleash a few snorts and snarls, then turn his back and walk off. When he did blow for more than moments at a time, his playing seemed basically discontinuous. One thing did not follow the next. No connections. Just tangles and clumps of music forgotten almost instantly. He did not sustain anything. In its randomness, Shepp's playing lies at the opposite end of the spectrum from the controlled unity of Sonny Rollins.

[IT PAINED HIM]

Capping the bill was Albert King, whose electric blues sounded just right following all that jazz playing, and a fitting counterpoint to Sonny Rollins' set. It sounded good at first, anyway. Then it became clear that big Albert—a vision of gaudy manliness in his shiny cerise suit—grinning bravely behind him missile-shaped guitar—was engaged in a tug-of-war with his rhythm section. His regular bassist had flown home to take care of a family emergency. And the stand-in bassist, a local man, just wasn't making it. He and the organ and drums just didn't mesh. Albert played on, but he was getting plenty goddam angry about the support that wasn't there.

King extracted great walloping lines from his guitar, slicing a note off in mid-flight as he turned to bellow at his organist and drummer. He's much too gentlemanly to chew out the offending bassist. But he did succeed—by menacing them—to put his own musicians

—Continued on Page 28



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Sonny Rollins

so uptight they could hardly play. By the end, the whole band was in a fumbling shambles, and King angrily yanked his guitar cord out of the amplifier and stomped offstage, after two terribly lame choruses of "Born Under a Bad Sign."

Earlier in the set, there had been the customary portion of teeth-grinding held/bent notes against stop-time, of deep-knee bends, King's pinky ring and his silvery tie sparkling under the spotlights, and his burry, smoky voice, curiously sweet for such a big man. But it was a set that wound up destroying itself, and you couldn't help feeling sorry for Albert King. You could see that it pained him.

[THE HAPPY JAZZ SNOBS]

The Mayor had officially proclaimed it Jazz Week in Berkeley in honor of the festival, complete to a formal document bearing the Seal of the City, five *whereases* and one *now therefore*. One of the *whereas* clauses seemed especially important—"Whereas, a portion of the profits from the Festival will be donated to minority student scholarshipsA good thing, certainly. It was curious, then, to hear the master of ceremonies tell the festival audience: "See, if we had a Third World College, we could present this every day and you could *learn* something." This got applause and it sounded good at the time. But what does it mean? Who could bear attending a perpetual jazz festival?

One major difference between jazz and rock and roll is that jazz players are not particularly concerned with putting on a "show." The show biz aspects of jazz (speaking generally) are minimal and the concentration is on blowing: getting into a good groove and telling your story. Since all worthwhile jazz players want to say something new (or re-state a recurring idea on new terms) every time they play, it is a music of exploration and searching. And sometimes, for a variety of reasons, it doesn't work. You're taking chances and sometimes you miss.

There were more misses on the first evening of the Berkeley jazz festival than most rock freaks would stand for in *their* music. In rock and roll, you work out your number for maximum effectiveness and do it that way just about every time. Jazz fans tend to favor the rock groups that take the most chances and sometimes fail to appreciate the simpler virtues of non-experimental rock. So rock freaks tend to think jazz freaks are snobs. In a way, they are right. But when something as beautiful as Sonny Rollins' gift of joy is laid on a jazz devotee, he is one happy snob. Never mind that the rest of the evening didn't work.

[MOP MOP]

All that can be said for long drum solos is that they should be shorter. There was only one man among the percussionists for the "African Rhythm" afternoon who can make lengthy drumnastics work—Max Roach. There is something about the way he welds fantastic technical trips—his sticks dancing in a blur over the whole range of his kit—onto wildly funky and mocking little interludes, that makes it music. He was easily the star of the afternoon, playing without accompaniment. He followed an interminable Tony Williams half-hour. Williams had an electric bassist endlessly restating the same ascending rhythm figure, against which Williams set off pin-wheels of sound. It was interesting for a time, but it rapidly became boring, and then more boring, and then even more so. Tony Williams' real brilliance lies in his uncanny ability at surrounding a horn soloist with an environment of sound and simultaneously creating a richly grooving dialogue with him (you can

hear this on any recent Miles Davis LP). In this case there was no other soloist, and it got really tiresome listening to Williams talk to himself.

Max Roach came on immediately after Williams and said, "I've been trying to get out here for the past half-hour before everybody was exhausted." Not an especially kindly comment, but to the point. More than any other player, Max Roach defined what modern jazz drumming should sound like as a teen-ager playing with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the days of Be Bop's youth. Swing-style drummers had thudded their way into America's heart, thomp thomp thomp thomp, crashing out steady four-beat tempo like so many pale drivers. It was Max Roach who showed how drums can dance, pirouette, punctuate, talk and almost sing—and how much harder jazz could swing if the drummer played all the accents that count and left out all the ones that don't.

He learned some of these things from Big Sid Catlett, the legendary drummer whose style was so marvelously balanced that he could blow any style from Dixieland and Be Bop and never sound out of place. Max has been playing a song often associated with Catlett—"Mop Mop"—as a tribute to the late Big Sid for several years, but never with more fireworks and charm than at Berkeley.

Roach topped this with a new thing called "Five for Berkeley," done in 5/4, a composition that builds to an unbelievable momentum. So much so that when he had to stop for repairs midway through (broken bass drum kicker) the cohesiveness of the piece was not lost. It seemed just to roll on until Roach was ready to play again. And when he came in again it was right on, as if there'd been no pause. It was fascinating, and the audience, broiling pleasantly in the 74-degree sunshine, shouted their encouragement as if Max was the preacher and they the congregation.

In a few words: Roy Haynes was tasty, but he played too long; Zutty Singleton (age 70, one of the originals) was delightful at thumping out the age-old verities; and King Errson, a young Bahamian, was okay, chattering out a sort of Afro/soul thing on his congas. By then, though, you'd heard more than enough drums and it was much easier to concentrate on the lithe young lady wearing the natural hairstyle and very little else (an abbreviated harem costume) who spontaneously broke into a snake charmer dance right down in front of the stage. Or maybe it was a sun dance. Too much!

[MERCY, MERCY, MERCY]

That night, Cannonball Adderly played the usually energetic Cannonball Adderly set, anchored by the familiar "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy"—a soul tune written by his white pianist (something else I meant to ask Archie Shepp about—how it is that Miles and Cannonball and even Archie Shepp have made use of white musicians if black cats are so much better). Nina Simone and her rock and roll rhythm section did a very stagey, and most un-jazz-like set, featuring a bevy of black-is-soul, black-is-bitter, black-is-oppressed, look-out-whitey songs (an exception: her stunning tribute to four black women, treating each to her own funny/sad/defiant story) which got the predictable response from the Berkeley audience: they cheered her up and down and wouldn't let her go without an encore. Sociological note: Miss Simone's bassist and guitarist are white.

Herbie Hancock's sextet played on and on, running over what seemed like the same muted changes in the same key and at the same tempo endlessly. They played different songs but they all sounded alike.

[WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?]

One reason this third Berkeley festival looked so good on paper was that the majority of the performers are presently fashionable in the hipmost jazz circles. No one in jazz, for example, comes on with a more militant rap than Archie Shepp. The same goes for Nina Simone, in the field of up-from-jazz show biz she represents. And a similar Afro-conscious case can be made for the rest of the performers and/or the notion of holding a jazz festival in black. So it was all very correct.

But a sad thing has happened to jazz music, and this made itself clear repeatedly over the course of the festival. Jazz used to be miles ahead of any other branch of American popular music in terms of interesting compositions, arrangements, the techniques and technology of playing (it was jazz players who first opened the doors to the world of expressiveness that lay within the electric guitar and the modern drum kit, and jazz players have pioneered in expanding the range of all the horns they have played—ever hear a cat play pre-jazz, symphony-style saxophone?).

However, jazz as an innovative force, as an influence on other musics, would seem to be a thing of the past. To put it another way, think of your favorite Beatles songs. Try to think of any jazz songs written during the same period of time (since 1964, say) that compare. Name one jazz player who uses the new technology of the recording studio as well as the average rock and roll band—let alone the Beatles, the Mothers, the Byrds, Jimi Hendrix. There are a few jazz players—Larry Coryell, Roland Kirk, Don Ellis, Eddie Harris, in their various ways—who are exploring new means of amplification to give their music more impact. But by and large they are following—not leading—trends initiated by rock musicians.

This line of thinking has led some observers to cry that jazz is dying. It is hard to know what that means, exactly, but it is true that some of the excitement has departed the jazz scene since the music lost its position at the cutting edge of grooving American contemporary music. Part of this may be due to acts of god, as they are called by the insurance companies.

Of the three most important innovators in the new jazz at the beginning of the Sixties, John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy have both died and only Ornette Coleman lives on—still an amazing improviser, somewhat mellow perhaps, but a compelling and original figure. The basic precepts of their powerfully asymmetrical conceptions are continually re-stated and re-shaped by the present generation of new jazz players, black and white. But no one (with the possible exception of Cecil Taylor) seems capable of carrying jazz beyond where it found itself at the time of Coltrane's death, two years ago.

Meanwhile, Roland Kirk is jamming with the Mothers of Invention, jamming with Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix; Jack Bruce and Larry Coryell are laying plans for a new meeting of the musics; the Newport Jazz Festival has booked almost as many rock groups as jazz bands this year; Blood Sweat & Tears (whose soloists and rhythm section really are terribly lame by comparison with any prominent jazz band that comes to mind) are at least trying; Gary Burton's quartet has at least one foot planted in the soil of rock; Brian Auger is wearing rock and roll clothes and laying down Fifties funk/jazz; Pharoah Sanders has recorded with a rock band; so has Albert Ayler; and Jimi Hendrix (unbeknownst to most rock and roll fans) is leading one of the toughest free/funk/electric/down-home/aleatory jazz groups there ever was, and

—Continued on Page 30

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What will come of these developments is impossible to predict, but their general exploratory thrust seems closer, somehow, to the true nature of jazz than most of the music played at this year's U.C. Jazz Festival, for all its focus on the well-documented, widely accepted fact that the roots and most of the healthiest branches of jazz up to the present are black.

[BACK TO BASICS]

After some rap about the black people's liberation struggle and a reminder to attend a Free Huey rally, the master of ceremonies introduced the last group to appear on the festival, the Edwin Hawkins Singers. Happy looking and relaxed, they marched out to center stage and lined up. They're all of African heritage, but (to judge by externals) not as Afro-conscious as the organizers of the festival: only a few of the 30 or so girls wore their hair in naturals. The rest wore it processed and, in a number of cases, swirled into shiny black creations high over their heads.

There was a period of some anticipation as Edwin Hawkins, a dapper young man, re-arranged his singers, placing some who'd been in the front row toward the rear, directing others to come forward, and so on.

And then he sat at the piano and began churning out pungent Gospel chords and figures, and the electric bass and drums started socking it out, and bright smiles shone all through the choir. Two girl singers, one thin, the other full-bodied, neither of them Dorothy Morrison—probably the best known member of the Singers for her lead on "Oh Happy Day"—walked forward to sing leads as the rest of the members started shouting out a flowing, lapidary undercurrent.

It was a positively electric moment when the girls started singing, weaving sweet, sweet, funky Gospel leads around each other, the other singers, the rhythm section—which cooks like Stax and the Staple Singers and Cannonball all at once—and in that first instant, the audience exploded into riotous hand-clapping and chorused shouts of approval.

"Right on!" "Right on!" "Amen!" "Outa Sight!" "Right on!" "Get it on!" "Preach!" "Teach!" "Whew!" "Yeah!" "Whoooo-o-o-oooo—EEEE"



Max Roach

And it just rolled on like that, fantastically surging, grooving music out of these 46 young people. Ralph Gleason was reminded, he wrote in a recent review of their first LP, of the swinging precision of the Count Basie band. Absolutely. There's that and the fact that this young choir has assimilated all the best out of soul music from Aretha to Otis to Sly & the Family Stone to Horace Silver to the Temptations to the Impressions. It's all there in their glorious voices.

"No more cryin'

"No more dyin'

"No more pain"

went the lines to "My Father's House," belted home by a ship of a girl with the most ecstatic expression on her face—

"No more cryin' "

She stomped her high-heel, craned her neck and took in an enormous breath.

"No more dyin' "

The other singers alternately wove rich, grooving vocal patterns behind her, clapped, slapped tambourines, shouted encouragement—"Get it, girl!" "Tell 'em, sister!" "You're doin' all right!"

"No—more—cry—in—"

It was absolutely breath-taking, and the audience—a huge audience, because festival organizers had oversold the 10,000-seat Greek Theater—could hardly quiet down enough between numbers to allow the singers to get into their next one.

And then came "Oh Happy Day," and Dorothy Morrison, a tall and striking young lady, whose animated features, whose rows of white teeth and great presence, are every bit the match for her rich, creamy, throaty Gospel crying and shouting and crooning. Words cannot convey the joy she and the rest of the singers deliver—tough as their first LP may be, it doesn't carry the full impact either. The applause seemed endless.

Like Sonny Rollins, Edwin Hawkins seems to have the gift to be able to pare away all the non-essentials and lay bare the very best that black American music can be.

It is impossible to summon up the memory of the Hawkins Singers and Rollins, and what they did, without smiling in wonder.

JIM BAIL

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And perhaps the best place to start would be with the album *Rolling Stone* "discovered" a few issues back. (The April 19 issue.)

The album is Miles Davis' newest, "Filles de Kilimanjaro." And the review said things like these:

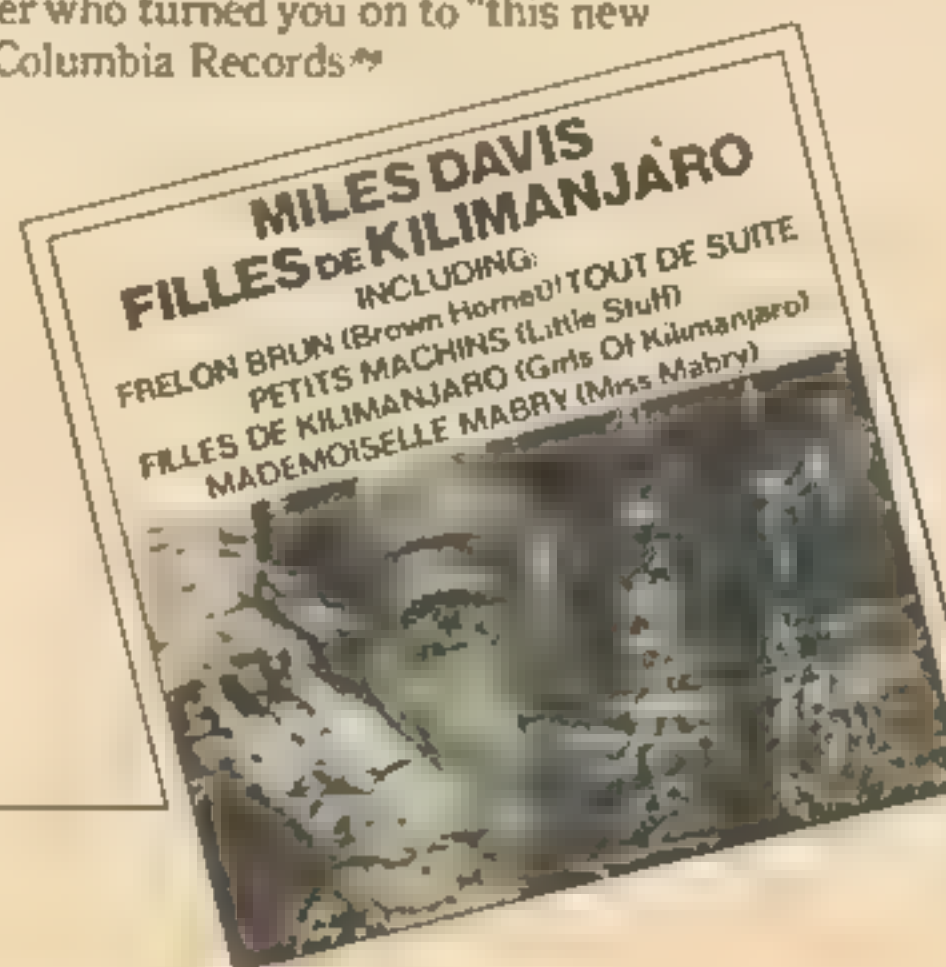
"This is a record you've got to listen to. No amount of track-by-track description can begin to convey the beauty and intensity. There are five songs, but really they fit together as five expressions of the same basic piece, one sustained work.

"In an elusive way—for, while most contemporary jazz shouts and roars, this new music whispers and murmurs—*Les Filles* feels like a milestone jazz recording, one that will grow.

"There's a whole lot of electric bass and electric piano (along with the more familiar, for jazz, acoustic kinds) and they work beautifully.

"This peaceful, powerful recording meshes into one sweeping whole which demands—commands—your attention without relying on the slightest force or pressure. It's got to be heard to be believed. There's never been another quite like it before."

Good enough for starters? O.K., go to it. And when you get it home, play it, and when you get bitten by the jazz bug (it's a lifetime affliction), remember who turned you on to "this new music." Columbia Records.



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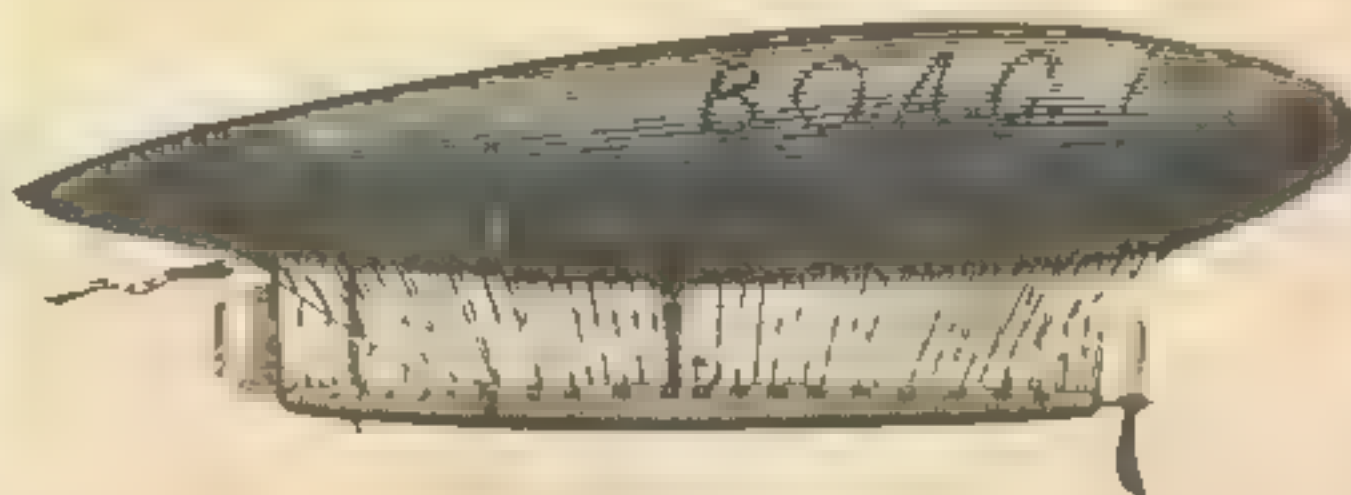
THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO



Sir Edwin, flattered in the extreme by the request, promptly secured his temporary release from duty and, after one more Scotch in the club, ordered a cab for the airport, and bade farewell to England.

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Sir Edwin examining New York reception room for female addicts.

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Some of the more striking exhibits shown in future installments will convince the reader of both the thoroughness of the police, and the ingenuity and craft of certain of the more redoubtable criminals.



Prototype of present-day "Junkie House" showing a group of "stoned" subjects (stoned: criminal term for trance produced under narcotic), the archaic "barrel-fix," etc., with spotter outside to warn of police raid.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



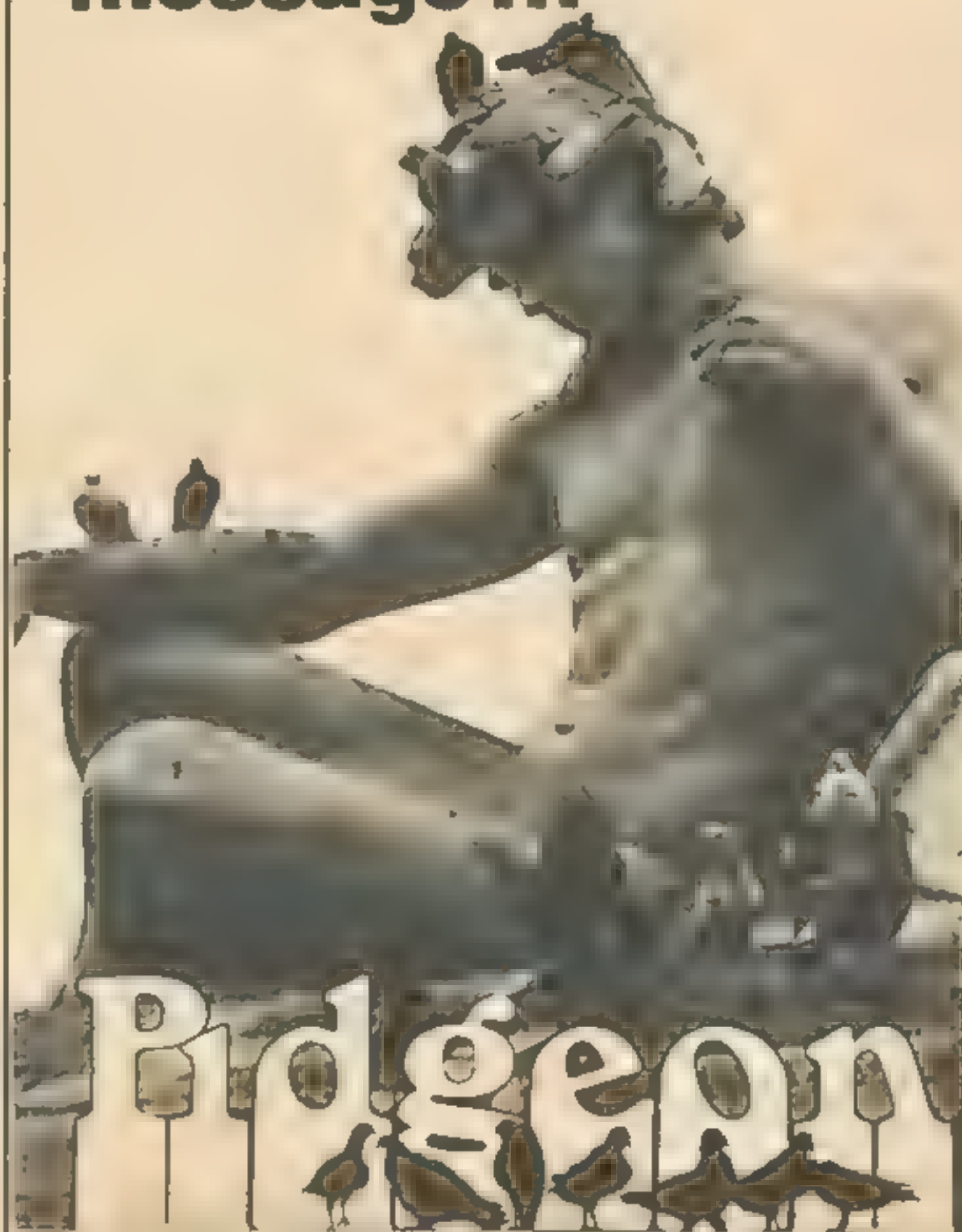
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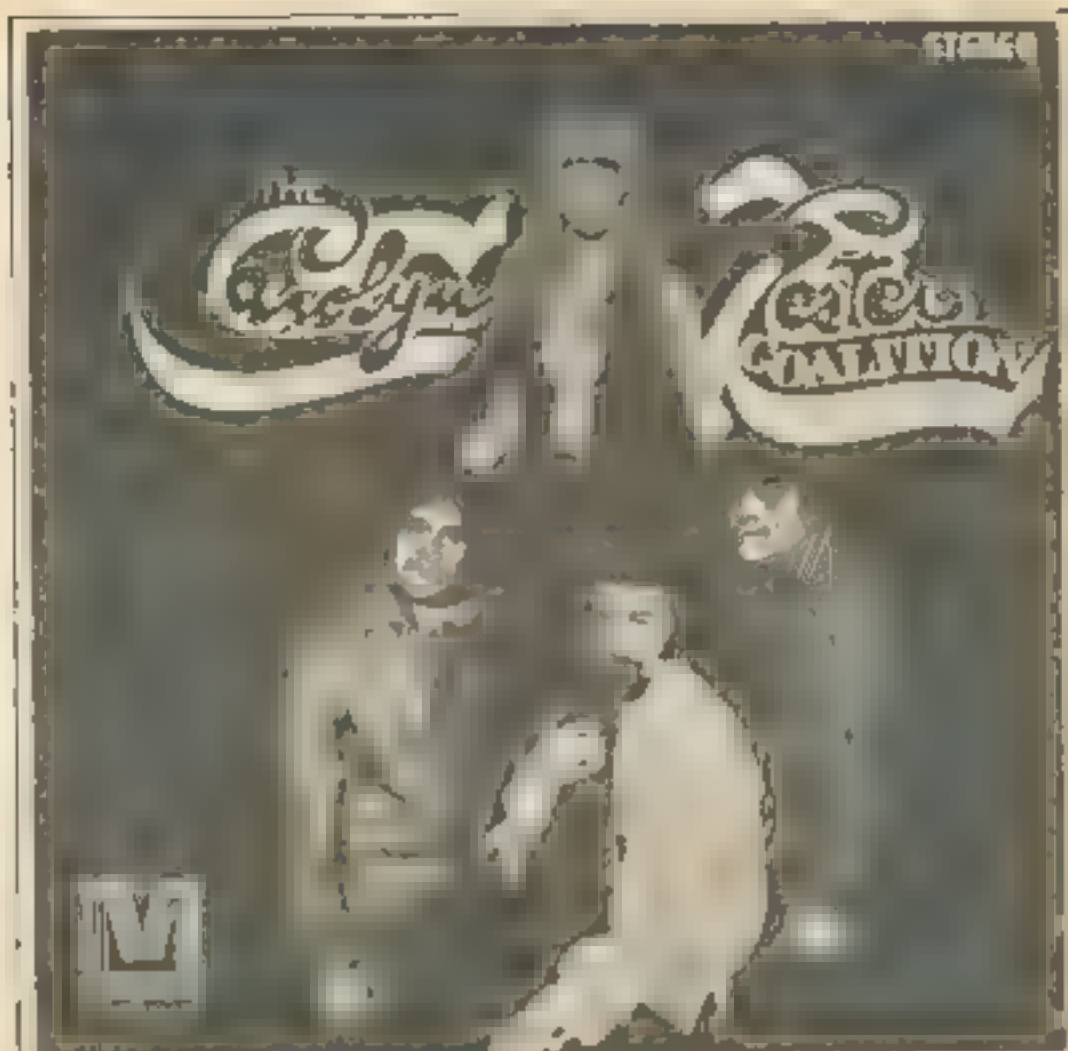
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BY HOLLIE WEST

Bobby Bland likes his band to play a few numbers before he comes on during a theater engagement. His appearance on stage is always preceded by a screaming figure from the trumpet section. Then, on comes "The Man," as he is introduced by the M.C.

Bland always walks out slowly from the wings. His easy smile, which barely reveals two gold-capped teeth, does not suggest any fright. But he says, "I still get nervous when I go out there. As long as I've been singing, I can't get rid of it. The only thing I can do is sing and, then, most of it leaves."

Women still dig Bland's personal appearance even though much of it evokes memories of what black cats looked like in the Forties or Fifties. His processed hair is puffed up in pompadour style. His moustache is trim and narrow and he keeps his long fingernails in fresh manicure. Bland's clothing is custom-tailored and follows the color patterns that many other soul performers favor—black and yellow, pink and green or purple and lime.

His "sweet man" role is carried over to his songs. He does not sing much about hard times or bad luck. His themes are largely about lost loves, a woman, maybe, who left him hanging high and dry. He usually takes the stance of a foolish lover. Consider some of the titles of his songs: "Lead Me On," "I Pity the Fool," "I've Just Got to Forget You," "When You Put Me Down," "Who Will the Next Fool Be," "Too Late for Tears," "Set Me Free," "Road of Broken Hearted Men."

Bobby Bland is another one of the gifted bluesmen who have come out of Memphis in the last 20 years. And, like most of the others, he has not made it big.

The Kings, B. B. and Albert, may be on the verge of large success. Johnnie Taylor and Carla Thomas are in the star category, but their main appeal is to ghetto audiences. Buddy Guy could be on his way toward success. But other Memphis singers—Gatemouth Moore, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, Jr. Parker, Freddy King, Little Milton, James Davis—have variously left music, died or slipped into obscurity while struggling to make it musically.

Meanwhile, Bobby Bland, who has been singing on his own since 1955, is still looking "Farther Up That Road" he often sings about. For him, fame has been sporadic. It came in the late Fifties when he had his first hit, "I Smell Trouble," and again in the early Sixties when "Turn On Your Love Light" caught on (Bland was voted No. One rhythm and blues vocalist by Cash Box magazine in 1961).

Bland's audiences have been mostly one color—black. They have been loyal fans, but they cannot support his night club dates and concert appearances, or buy his records with the regularity or volume of a white audience.

That's why he wants to broaden his audience now. He is placing more emphasis these days on songs like "Save Your Love For Me," a Buddy Johnson ballad with blues-like changes that was popular for him last fall. He says he'll never leave the blues, but he wants to do more ballads and standards.

Can this be strange talk coming from someone whose first idol was B. B. King—the same B. B. King who says his ambition is to become one of the great blues singers?

Probably not. Many blues singers have a deep-seated desire to sing something other than the blues. Maybe it's part of the old association of the blues with something evil and terrible in the black man's past.

Of course, part of it is esthetics. B. B. King recently told Jimmy Rushing: "One thing I always liked about you and Dinah [Washington]—you could leave the blues and switch over to ballads and standards and sing them just as well. If I tried to sing a ballad, I'd be lost. So that's why I stay with the good old blues."

Said Bland: "Now you take one of



the songs I'm doing now—"Save Your Love For Me." It's opened up different doors for me. It's the kind of thing I want to do more of. With this kind of song I can go to the [Las Vegas] Strip or places like that and play clubs. But for a long time, the public thought of me only as a blues singer. This song is giving me a different image with the public."

Recently, Bland has dropped his nickname "Blue" from his marquee billings (he was formerly billed as Bobby "Blue" Bland). "I am getting more airplay on white radio stations since I dropped the name 'Blue,'" he said.

None of this means that Bland is changing his basic vocal style, or using gimmicks some of the soul singers delight in employing. He continues to be, in his words, "one of the few blues singers who just get out there and sing flat-footed without playing a horn or doing a dance."

He is also one of the few now singing with a big band with traditional instrumentation—brass, reeds and rhythm section—and performing many of the blues that came out of the Thirties and Forties—"Stormy Monday Blues," "Jelly, Jelly" and "Hard Luck Blues."

His voice is light and smooth, and

when he sings he can move from a whisper to a crackling shout with shattering quickness. Sometimes he uses a bitter-sweet sound similar to Sam Cooke's.

Bland delivers a song with a fine sense of dynamics. When he sings "Driftin' Blues," for example, he starts in quiet fashion, enunciating each word in even rhythm. His story is one of being left alone, "like a ship out on the sea." When he sings the word "baby," he gives it an inflection that stamps his plea with mordant pain.

But everything is calm. Then he breaks into a hoarse shout. The words begin to burst out in clipped combinations. His plea is more urgent. The rhythm section turns up the volume, and Bland may hit a phrase that sounds as if he has taken a string of quarter notes in the original melody and converted them into two triplet figures. The tension increases. The entire band riffs loudly. Bland starts crying above the ensemble that since his woman won't do right, he's telling her goodbye.

At the end of the performance, the audience may have gone through a kind of catharsis during the progression of the song's story line. Women, not men, usually respond with cries of "Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

Next, he may sing "Turn On Your Love Light," a flagwaver that moves from Bland having a broken heart to him feeling all right at the end. The tempo is up, but Bland is relaxed—caressing a lyric, savouring its rhythmic and tonal possibilities. Sometimes he sings behind the beat, but usually not for long. He lets out a shriek, then goes into the chorus where he is accompanied only by drums. Bland has such a subtle feel for rhythm that he exchanges phrases with the drummer—even cutting a note to a wisp when the percussionist cracks out a staccato figure. Or Bland may repeat a phrase several times to build tension before the band comes back in.

Bland was born January 27, 1930, in Rosemark, Tenn., a small town near Memphis. At an early age, he and his mother moved to Memphis, and she soon joined a church, where Bland learned the ways of gospel music. "Many times we would hold services right in our home and sing and pray," he recalled. "Singing religious songs was the first taste I had of any kind of music and I still like to sing hymns and spirituals."

Bland began singing more secular material when he started sitting in regularly at Mitch's Hotel, a favorite hang-out for Memphis musicians in the late Forties. Later, he won amateur contests at the Palace Theater and then came a chance to be the driver and valet for B. B. King.

For him, King was Number One. "When I was coming along, there was no one in the blues field but B. B.," he said. "I was singing like everybody but mostly like him I had a variety of stuff—things I got from T-Bone Walker and Lowell Fulson" (his other main influences).

After driving for King and later for Roscoe Gordon (another Memphis singer), Bland became the vocalist for Adolph Duncan's band in 1949. Playing piano in that band was Johnny Ace, who was to enjoy success as a singer in the early Fifties with his recordings of "My Song," "Pledging My Love" and "The Clock."

Following military service between 1951 and 1954, Bobby signed with Duke Records in 1955. His first hit, "I Smell Trouble," came two years later and others quickly followed.

But Bland still has not achieved the wide popularity many lesser singers have enjoyed. His most faithful fans are in the southern black belt—Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Arkansas. The cities that are best for him are Chicago, Detroit and Houston. The worst are Washington and Philadelphia, and he has never been received well at Harlem's Apollo Theater ("The audiences there are such big critics. They want more of the teen-age thing").

Bland has also been dealt a problem by the company for which he works—Duke Records, of Houston. It does not have wide distribution. In many cities, particularly northern ones, it takes a determined effort to find his records, and if they are to be found, it is usually in the black ghettos.

Duke officials say they will change this. If they do, it will open up new avenues to Bland. But another problem is getting disc jockeys to play his records. In Washington and Philadelphia, for example, Bland's records are hardly played—even on the soul stations. His latest hit, "Rockin' in the Same Old Boat," was barely audible in the Northeast and Mid-Atlantic areas.

Maybe things will improve after Bland makes a tentatively scheduled appearance at Fillmore East this fall, along with B. B. and Albert King. Certainly, Bland deserves better than he is getting.

Here is a selection of Bobby Bland releases on Duke:

- Two Steps from the Blues (Duke 74)
- Here's the Man!! (Duke 75)
- Call On Me (Duke 77)
- Ain't Nothing You Can Do (Duke 78)
- Touch of the Blues (Duke 88)

NASHVILLE SKYLINE

Bob Dylan

(Columbia KCS 9825)

Bob Dylan's ninth album poses fewer mysteries and yet, paradoxically, offers greater rewards than any of his previous work. Its only difficulties aren't metaphysical or interpretative—indeed, the beauty and openness within is kept almost rigorously simple in genre—but rather those of taking the artist's new-found happiness and maturity for exactly what they appear to be. That smiling face on the cover tells all—and isn't it wonderful?

Most obviously, *Nashville Skyline* continues Dylan's rediscovered romance with rural music (here complete with a more suitable, subtle "country" voice). The new LP represents a natural progression, both historically and emotionally, from the folk-music landscapes of John Wesley Harding into the more modern country-and-western worlds of Hank Williams, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Buddy Holly, the Everly Brothers, and Jerry Lee Lewis.

In *Harding*, Dylan superimposed a vision of intellectual complexity onto the warm, inherent mysticism of Southern Mountain music, rather like certain French directors (especially Jean-Luc Godard) who have taken American gangster movies and added to them layers of 20th-century philosophy. The effect is not unlike Jean-Paul Sartre playing the five-string banjo. The folk element gains a Kafka-esque chimericality, and the philosophy a bedrock simplicity that leaves it all but invisible and thus easy to assimilate. "Down Along the Cove" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," exceptions to the above and the record's last two songs, are almost a microcosm of the geography to come.

Nashville Skyline is a jewel of construction with three distinct beginnings. The much-anticipated guitar-and-vocal duet with Johnny Cash, a stately and beautiful rendition of "Girl from the North Country," is a thoughtful bonus to the listener, a musical postcard to an old Minnesota love, and a reminder that Dylan has always been capable of tenderness. The song's most painful verse—"Many times I've often prayed/In the darkness of my night"—has been deleted here.

The second beginning—or, if you prefer, an intermission in which each performer gets a chance to solo—"Nashville Skyline Rag," serves as an instrumental introduction to the album's excellent personnel: Kenny Buttrey, Charlie McCoy, Pete Drake, Norman Blake, Charlie Daniels, and Bob Wilson. It's country music at its joyful, shit-kicking best.

Dylan finally announces the LP's "real" beginning, "To Be Alone With You," when he asks producer Bob Johnston, "Is it rolling, Bob?" Unlike the Beatles, he may not want to take us home with him, but he makes it quite clear that what follows should be viewed as a personal confrontation: "Everything is always all right/When I'm alone with you."

"I Threw It All Away," the first of the record's three classic love songs, couples a haunting melody and magnificent singing to the hard-won realization that "Love is all we need/It makes the world go round." In contradiction to the earlier "It Ain't Me, Babe," Dylan, cast as someone who has formerly tried to do without deep affection, now wants very much to be "A lover for your life and nothing more." This is clearly going to be an album of staying, not leaving.

A good-natured exercise in country wordplay ("Love to spend the night with Peggy Day . . . Love to spend the day with Peggy Night"), complete with a Presley rave-up finale, "Peggy Day" presents two delightful sides of one ideal woman; or maybe two delightful women, each with one ideal side. "By golly, what more can I say!"

Side two begins with another classic. "Lay Lady Lay" has the organ sound of *Highway 61* Dylan, and the lyrics

are not as stringently genre-bound. "Whatever colors you have in mind/I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine" is more a metaphysical leap than a naturalistic hop, while "His clothes are dirty/But his hands are clean" seems a self-conscious attempt to needlessly bring it all back home.

"One More Night" and "Tell Me That It Isn't True" are My-baby-left-me songs, but, as is befitting the structures of country music, there is little or no bitterness, and Dylan even calls one of the girls his "best pal." The former, with its "Tonight, no light will shine on me" line, echoes the "dark side of the road" imagery of "Don't Think Twice," but its protagonist, unlike the hero of "It Ain't Me, Babe," can only mournfully state, "I just could not be/What she wanted me to be." The latter bears a superficial resemblance to "Positively 4th Street" in that the singer has been put down strongly by someone dear to him. Rather than rage, the reaction here is a gentle "Darling, I'm counting on you/Tell me that it isn't true."

In some ways, the final song of the LP should logically be "Country Pie," an unabashed tribute to country music ("Love that country pie!") and a clear statement of Dylan's present credo: "Ain't running any race/Get me my country pie/I won't throw it up in anybody's face."

As with *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Nashville Skyline* saves the best until last. "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" fuses personal commitment with professional preference, and functions as a sort of very content "A Day in the Life." Musically, it's brilliant, with a powerful Jerry Lee Lewis stride piano leading the way. Although the symbolism is hobo-traditional, the *mise-en-scene* of melody, lyrics, and performance overpowers and explodes any genre limitations in a glorious flow of every sort of imaginable triumph.

Perhaps, after all, it is more difficult to convey meaningfully a total fulfillment of marriage and family life than it is to create a nightmare world of complex hallucination, even though the latter seems more painfully our own. In many ways, *Nashville Skyline* achieves the artistically impossible: a deep, humane, and interesting statement about being happy.

It could well be what Dylan thinks it is, his best album. PAUL NELSON

ROOTS The Everly Brothers

(Warner Bros. WS 1752)

This odd, new Everly Brothers album is full of Ma and Pa and sweet gospel singin' on the radio, harmonizing "family style and country style," and memories of the old home in Brownie, Kentucky. It is also a showcase for the superb talents of the Everlys as they are today.

To accomplish this, producer Lenny Waronker has woven an unusual fabric of Southern California salon rock, country-tinged rock, and tapes from the Everly Family radio show of 1952. The result is a warm, sentimental album that is nostalgic and contemporary at the same time.

All of the songs on the album are fine vehicles for the high lonesome harmonies and the liquid guitar picking of the brothers Everly. Standouts are two of Merle Haggard's great prison songs, "Mama Tried" and "Sing Me Back Home," rendered with fine taste, a perfectly delightful Randy Newman song, "Illinois," and two re-worked traditional numbers, "I for Texas" and "Shady Grove." These last two, especially, are beautifully arranged and sung, turned into irresistible tootappers—sort of electric hoedown music.

The final montage of radio tapes, "Shady Grove," and Carl Davis' classic "Kentucky" doesn't quite come off, but in light of the merits of the rest of the album that's perfectly excusable. Anybody interested in the so-called country revival now sweeping rock should pick up this album. It's right fine.

EDMUND O. WARD

MOURNING IN THE MORNING Otis Rush

(Cotillion 9006)

As I understand it, the major problem in recording Otis Rush in the past has been material; it was reputedly the chief stumbling block to his having done an album for Vanguard when they had an option on his services. Atlantic's Cotillion subsidiary has overcome the difficulty by having the team of Mike Bloomfield and Nick Gravenites take over the production of Otis' first album for them. They've come to grips with the problem by writing a batch of new songs for him: "Me," "Working Man," "You're Killing My Love," "My Old Lady" and "Can't Wait No Longer" are credited to the pair, while "Reap What You Sow" (from the third verse of which the album takes its title) adds Paul Butterfield to the composer credits. The remainder of the album consists of remakes of two of Otis' old Cobra singles, "My Love Will Never Die" and "It Takes Time," and versions of B. B. King's "Gambler's Blues," Chuck Willis' "Feel So Bad," and Ronnie Shannon's "Baby, I Love You," a recent Aretha Franklin hit here given an instrumental treatment, the album's only one.

The album was recorded at Muscle Shoals' noted Fame Studios with its house band augmented by keyboard player Mark Naftalin. Basic instrumentation throughout is standard rhythm section of organ and/or piano, second guitar(s), bass and drums, plus three or four horns; all contribute to a very big sound which is both the result of the recording and the orchestrations. As might be expected, the production is first-rate in every respect—very hip and contemporary-sounding, adequately reflecting the taste of its producers. It's a top-notch modern blues album.

I'm of two minds about it, however, and I'll try to explain why. I can readily appreciate the problems involved in trying to produce an album of contemporary blues that doesn't merely reproduce Otis' earlier recordings (after all, times have changed). I also recognize the fact that Mike and Nick have been very successful in achieving this.

But at the same time I must admit that the LP doesn't excite me much. I could say that the charts, while good, do not represent that much of an advance over or departure from what is being done on a lot of current blues albums, that most of the arrangements in fact have an unreheated sameness of approach to them, that Otis' voice is occasionally buried in the mix, that the textures of the music are always very busy, or that the playing is sometimes a bit ragged (the stop-time breaks on "Gambler's Blues," for one example), and so on.

But my biggest bitch about the album is that it doesn't sound a hell of a lot like Otis Rush—at least not the Otis Rush of those great old Cobra sides, or the Otis Rush we used to hear in Chicago. What's most saddening about all this is that Otis is one of the most exciting and distinctive of all the younger bluesmen around, but here just about every vestige of his distinctiveness—that which made his music characteristically his own—is gone. He's just one element of perhaps a dozen involved in the production of any of these numbers. It's my impression that just about any capable singer-guitarist in the modern blues idiom could have been substituted for him and the end result would have been changed very little.

Take the matter of Otis' singing. The first couple of times I played the record I thought I was listening to a vocal cross between Nick Gravenites and Albert King. The latter is quite understandable in view of Albert's great influence these days; it's perhaps inevitable that a young, aware blues musician would adopt certain aspects of Albert's greatly successful style. But quite often here Otis phrases like Nick does and it's no accident, of course, that this occurs most frequently on the Bloomfield-

Gravenites compositions. And the reason for this is simple: Otis learned the songs from a tape of Nick performing the songs to guitar accompaniment. Otis apparently hadn't time to familiarize himself with the new tunes sufficiently enough to make them his own. So what we get on them is Nick Gravenites filtered through Otis Rush.

And I guess that's pretty much what this album's all about: Otis Rush is merely used as a vehicle for the articulation of certain ideas about modern blues that are ultimately the property of Mike and Nick. Not that this is so bad, of course, if those ideas are basically sound—which they are; but my point is that it's not Otis Rush.

Please don't construe the above as a total put-down of the album, however, for it has much to recommend it. There's some fine playing and singing all through the record. High point of the set, as far as I'm concerned, is the remake of "My Love Will Never Die," which is very much on a par with the earlier version; Mike and Nick have retained all the power of the original and made it completely contemporary in feeling. And much the same is true of "It Takes Time," a tune very reminiscent of "Little By Little." Otis' long version of "Gambler's Blues" is full of tasty things, and the arrangement and colors of "Reap What You Sow" are a gas. Several of the new tunes Mike and Nick have written are very fine—particularly "Me," "You're Killing My Love" and the very *marcho* "Working Man"—and will doubtless go into the repertoire of a number of bands. On the other hand, "My Old Lady" is a little too coy to be successful and "Can't Wait No Longer," despite Otis' manifold efforts, seems more properly designed for a singer with a different set of emphases and abilities than Otis has. The instrumental "Baby, I Love You" is adequate but scarcely more than that.

Finally, a few words on the stereo mix, which is bafflingly inconsistent. The basic spread usually finds Otis' voice in the middle, flanked on the left by lead guitar and horns and on the right by the rhythm section. On some numbers, however, Otis' guitar jumps to the middle, which is understandable on the instrumental of course but inexplicable on "Working Man" and "Killing My Love" (it's also somewhat distant-sounding on this track). On "Reap What You Sow" and "It Takes Time" the horns suddenly pop up in the middle behind the voice, while drums and piano join the lead guitar on the left. On "Can't Wait No Longer" a vocal chorus join the drums, second guitar and piano on the left, while the horns and bass are on the right; there is no lead guitar on this track it seems.

PETE WELDING

133 AUTHENTIC SOUND EFFECTS

(Elektra EKS 7313-14)

Jet airliner (707) takeoff jet airliner (707) interior jet airliner (707) landing helicopter passes overhead jet fighter take off jet fighter fly by jet fighter sonic boom dive bomber strafing from low flying fighter plane light plane engine sequence light plane in flight piston airliner landing. Dog barking horse whinnies horse gallops by rooster cat, mean cricket background bullfrog cows mooing hoot owl tropical birds seagulls.

Steamship blast ship churning through water outboard motor motor launch bell buoy foghorn surf Niagara Falls.

Telephone sequence telephone rings five times door buzzer chimes key in lock door opens & closes squeaky door opens & closes window breaking over-stuffed closet sewing machine. Sawing wood hammering electric drill pneumatic drill general construction factory.

Car skid & crash car door closes car starts, drives away car stops engine idles, shuts off traffic jam motorcycle truck rattletrap car car horn sports car horn bus. Carnival midway shooting gallery parade bowling ping pong punball machine football game expectant crowd

noise audience laughing applause, large gathering college cheers.

Machine guns with explosions machine guns & mixed rifle fire grenades & mortars pistol shots, random fire explosions battle, overall perspective anti-aircraft barrage atomic bomb (slow detonation, approach of shock wave, characteristic low rumble) fireworks soldiers marching western gun battle air raid alert air raid all clear. Siren, ambulance or police fire engine city catastrophe.

Baby cries happy baby children playing children's party woman's terrorized scream body falling downstairs heartbeats.

Diesel train steam locomotive steam train passes steam train approaches, stops railroad car interior subway sequence, exterior railroad crossing bell. Gong, one stroke gong, seven strokes cuckoo clock strikes twelve ticking, then alarm grandfather clock strikes twelve school bell or town crier bell church bells joyous bells factory whistle burglar alarm police whistle sleigh bells ship's bells strike hour.

Thunderstorm rainy night in city rain blizzard/snowstorm roaring fire.

Symphony orchestra tuning trumpet fanfare reveille, bugle call taps, bugle call drum roll hunting horn wedding march, processional wedding march, recessional funeral march carousel carillon christmas chimes.

—Electric typewriter cash register news presses teletypes. STEVE CONSENSO

UNCLE MEAT

The Mothers

(Bizarre 2MS-2024)

While it's subtitled "most of the music from the Mothers' movie of the same name which we haven't got enough money to finish yet," it almost doesn't matter whether the movie gets finished or not, for this soundtrack-without-a-movie is a consummate piece of work. In fact, from the sketchy description of the movie provided in the liner notes, the Mothers would probably do better to let the thing just rot.

While *Uncle Meat* is subject to the same sort of criticisms that any soundtrack score (from *Blue Hawaii* to *Dr. Zhivago*) it seems better to just evaluate the music as itself and let Frank Zappa hassle with the film.

The four sides are broken up into short musical vignettes, longer musical pieces, and some of the most revealing, incisive, monologues in existence. While it is disjointed in the extreme, there is a unity which becomes more apparent when you take into account the music, the packaging, and the Mothers as they have come to be regarded.

That unity is a picture, a very unflattering and absolutely untouched photograph of that hostile and incomprehensible environment known as Los Angeles. Not Los Angeles as a geographic entity, but Los Angeles as a state of mind. And with the impending Los Angelization of the world, this theme becomes universal.

Perhaps not even a photograph. *Uncle Meat* is an X-ray. It probes the soft underbelly of the Miracle Mile. It sees the freeways not so much as streams of cars or swaths of concrete, but as frantic tedium and open hostility. It examines, even revels in, those very real parts of plastic America that the plastic can't hide: "Nine types of—Industrial Pollution"; "The Dog Breath Variations"; "Our Bizarre Relationship," a monologue by Miss Christine which in 1:05 accurately describes show business glamor as a case of the crabs.

The longer pieces are over-dubbings done with such incredible care and painstaking artistry, so exact as to be much closer in structure and in spirit to modern classical music. And yet they, too, are impressions, sometimes melodic, sometimes dissonant, but always honest of the Southern California syndrome. As Frank Zappa says, "basically, this

is an instrumental album." And as instrumentation, it is artistry.

The shorter songs are much in the same vein as those on *Ruben and the Jets*, that is a parody of Fifties R&B, except that these have much more outrageous lyrics. "Cruising for Burgers," and "Electric Aunt Jemima" are like that. The only way the Mothers (or anyone else with any sensitivity, for that matter) can face the Plastic Life is to sneer and burlesque.

"We are the ugly remainder," Zappa once said. And here, in part, is presented that remainder. It's pretty apparent from their expertly crafted cynicism, that the thing the Mothers dread most is being taken too seriously. But *Uncle Meat*, more than any of their previous albums, is a serious piece of music. You can't just put it on the set and grab it with half an ear. You've got to listen to it, hard. Much of it isn't easy to follow, although some of it, like their version of "God Bless America," is sheer delight.

The longer instrumental pieces, particularly the whole fourth side, the King Kong suite, takes a good deal of concentration. But it's worth the effort in every way. ALEC DUBBO

BABYLON

Dr. John

(Atco SD 33-270)

Try to imagine Mose Allison stoned and trapped in a swamp with a chorus of mistaken Baptist harmonies. Do you remember Dr. John's first album? It was really underground stuff: smoky and aquatic, a sort of voodoo-funk. His second album, *Babylon*, has some of the mystery and charm of the first, but on the whole it's disappointing. It's not at all together; it seems to fall apart inside your ear.

What's wrong is the relationship between the lyrics and the music. The music itself is still Generally Weird—lots of electronic effects and distant, unthinkable rhythms. But the music is also vague and centerless. None of the musicians are credited on the jacket, and with reason. None of them are there. Except for some mediocre guitar on "Lonesome Guitar Strangler," none of the musicians can be heard. The music just floats in the background; it's really a sound-environment, a sustained mood. The songs are definitely songs—with beginnings, middles and ends, but they still don't stand up as individual pieces. For one thing, Dr. John's singing is not melodic—instead, it's a sort of meandering chant. The sound is sinister and fascinating at first, but eventually it becomes tiresome. A few of the songs have interesting parts—"Lonesome Guitar Strangler" has funny lyrics and funky imitations of Jimi Hendrix and Wes Montgomery. "Twilight Zone," the longest piece on the album, is a spaced science-fiction ballad with visionary lyrics: "Martians kidnap the First Family, they gonna demand New York City for ransom money. We gonna outsmart 'em, leave a note for 'em to read—the best they can get is Milwaukee. . . ."

The album really stumbles on the words. There are too many of them and the music (what there is of it) gets smothered by their weight. The lyrics are long, involved raps; they demand attention, while the music doesn't. The effect is that of literature chanted to jazz and a chorus of demented angels. The literature is somewhat lacking.

Dr. John was much the better when his songs didn't even try to make sense. After all, what the hell is *Gris-Gris* on the first album? Who cares? The lyrics on *Babylon* come on heavy, but they're actually ordinary, too thin to sustain the mood that the music seems to imply. It would be interesting to hear Dr. John try this sort of thing with better lyrics—maybe a middle-period Dylan song, or a chunk of William Burroughs' more scabrous fantasies, or even some Henry Miller. Could it be that Dr. John is actually a Ph.D.? DAVID GANCHER

A SALTY DOG

Procol Harum

(A&M SR 417)

A Salty Dog is a confusing album. At its best it represents the group's greatest success to date with the brand of rock for which the group is known, at its worst it is both surprisingly mediocre and trivial. The most tenable explanation for this unevenness of quality is that Procol Harum, now produced from within by organist Matthew Fisher and boasting three songwriters where it once boasted one (or one and a half if you wish to consider Fisher's infrequent early contributions), is growing, but not without suffering growing pains.

Three cuts fit comfortably into the familiar Procol mold. "All This And More" is quite reminiscent of "Homburg," although not nearly so good. "The Milk Of Human Kindness" features a sort of torchy (i.e. late Thirties musical-style) guitar line and some nice Procol Harum country funk on the choruses. The best of the three, however, is "The Devil Came From Kansas," which nearly overflows with latent energy. B. J. Wilson here alternates march and bolero rhythms behind gigantic piano chords and a powerful vocal by Brooker.

Each of Fisher's entries is lovelier than the one before. "Boredom" is a gentle calypso feeling is created by some very pretty marimba work (by Fisher) and various exotic percussion instruments. On "The Wreck of the Hesperus" he sounds

a little like Paul McCartney. The song's essential prettiness will no doubt be lost on those who, because of its Wagnerian-sounding arrangement and theme (lots of talk of Valkyries here), will dismiss it as pretentious. "Pilgrim's Progress" is even prettier, with a melody gorgeous enough to have been written by a Bee Gee (not meant sarcastically). Keith Reid's introspective, confessional lyrics are backed by a "Whiter Shade of Pale"-sounding organ.

And now to the really magnificent parts. "Too Much Between Us" is the kind of song you can float away on—its background and vocal of marimba and acoustic guitar in a perfectly understated waitz-time are beautifully ethereal. This is probably the best non-mold song Procol have yet produced.

"A Salty Dog" opens with eerie strings and seagulls (and threatens for a moment to become just a bit too luxurious). On the part where the words are: "How many moons and many Junes have passed since we made love?" (my favorite line on the album) the drums come in hard, the strings swell mightily, and Brooker's voice soars excitingly (leaving you so knocked out that you won't even notice the rather gauche strings that start the cycle up again until your third or fourth listening).

This could have been an astonishing album. But where Procol Harum is staying where they've been (especially Trower's recorded guitar work and Wilson's drumming) they're becoming a bit too predictable, and they're a little awkward in their pursuit of the new directions suggested by Trower and Fisher. Also, Reid's lyrics, which might have served as the glue that unified the diverse sides of the album, are becoming too diffuse, too self-conscious to function in that way. And one can't help but wish that Brooker and Fisher will resist their urge to fool around with string arrangements until such time as they can make them something more than superfluous.

Get it anyway. Its several incredible moments will make it well worth your while. JOHN MENDELSON



A Long Time Ago

People Decided To Live in America

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I'm wandering along, thinking about how I'd like to get laid by somebody new. It's a cold winter afternoon and just another thought, almost out of my mind when—

A tall, God-I-Love the tall-ones girl comes walking up the street, casual as a young animal with Levi's on. She must be 5-9, wearing a blue sweater. Her breasts are loose beneath it and move in firm youthful tide.

She has no shoes on.
She's a hippy girl.
Her hair is long.

She doesn't know how pretty she is. I like that. It always turns me on, which isn't very hard to do right now because I'm already thinking about girls.

Then as we pass each other she turns toward me, a thing totally unexpected and she says, "Don't I know you?"

Wow! She is standing beside me now. She's really tall!

I look closely at her. I try to see if I know her. Maybe she's a former lover or somebody else I've met or made a pass at when I've been drunk. I look carefully at her and she is beautiful in a fresh young way. She has the nicest blue eyes, but I don't recognize her.

"I know I've seen you before," she says, looking up into my face. "What's your name?"

"Clarence."

"Clarence?"

"Yeah, Clarence."

"Oh, then I don't know you," she says. That was kind of fast.

Her feet are cold on the pavement and she's hunched in a cold-like way toward me.

"What is your name?" I ask, maybe I'm going to make a pass at her. That's what I should be doing right now. Ac-

tually, I'm about thirty seconds late in doing it.

"Willow Woman," she says. "I'm trying to get out to the Haight-Ashbury. I just got into town from Spokane."

"I wouldn't," I say. "It's very bad out there."

"I have friends in the Haight-Ashbury," she says.

"It's a bad place," I say.

She shrugs her shoulders and looks helplessly down at her feet. Then she looks up and her eyes have a friendly wounded expression in them.

"This is all I have," she says.

(Meaning what she is wearing.)

"And what's in my pocket," she says.

(Her eyes glance furtively toward the left rear pocket of her Levi's.)

"My friends will help me out when I get there," she says.

(Glancing in the direction of the Haight-Ashbury three miles away.)

Suddenly she has become awkward. She doesn't know exactly what to do. She has taken two steps backward. They are in the direction of going up the street.

"I . . .," she says.

"I . . .," looking down at her cold feet again.

She takes another half step backward. "I."

"I don't want to whine," she says.

She's really disgusted with what's happening now. She's ready to leave. It didn't work out the way she wanted.

"Let me help you," I say.

I reach into my pocket.

She steps toward me, instantly relieved as if a miracle has happened.

I give her a dollar, having totally lost somewhere the thread of making a pass at her, which I had planned on doing.

She can't believe it's a dollar and throws her arms around me and kisses me on the cheek. Her body is warm, friendly and giving.

We could make a nice scene together.

I could say the words that would cause it to be, but I don't say anything because I've lost the thread of making a pass at her and don't know where it's gone, and she departs beautifully toward all the people that she will ever meet, at best I will turn out to be a phantom memory, and all the lives that she will live.

We've finished living this one together. She's gone.

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FLUTE/SAX player needs work. Experienced. Call evenings—869-1748, New York.

NEED SINGER for heavy rock band—made or female but must be ballsy. Mark—WH 6-4648, White Plains, N.Y.

SONG WRITER (plays bass, guitar) seeks singer-writer-guitarist for duo—country-blues-rock (dylan genre), NY area. Baby Vinny—(914) 793-4498, Eastchester, NY.

ORGANIST DESIRES to join/form group with guitar/bass/drums/vocalist, for mixed bag, jazz-psychedelic-folk, etc. this summer in NYC, esp. L.I. J. Hoeflinger—906 Sillery Hall, Madison, Wisc.

ROAD MANAGER seeks position. Worked with Vanilla Fudge, Zeppelin, Hendrix on Coast gigs. John Sergneri—148 D N.E., Ephrata, Wisc.

DRUMMER LOOKING for band in Bay Area Timmy—873-1419, San Bruno, Calif.

LEAD GUITARIST, own equip., sings, free to travel; 23, draft-free, half & head. Seeks same. 273-9111, San Francisco.

INSANE GROUP with solid original sound looking for insane organist with same. Steve Cline—TA 3-1160, 88D Edgewater Park, Bronx.

EXPERIENCED BLUES guitarist looking for working group in NY area, reading ability desired. Barry—(518) 352-6586 (after 6), Bellerose.

LEAD GUITARIST/composer, arranger wants work in funky band, Bay Area. You write words, I write music; 20 years old, 8 years on ax. Mike—336-6042, Los Angeles.

SAX/FLUTE player, jazz & rock exp., wants work with serious group. Bob—879-2053 or 988-6250, New York.

BASS GUITARIST looking for gigging group in NY. Has recording exp., sings, digs English rock/blues. Bob—FI 3-6428, Queens.

DRUMMER, 17, good equipment & 6 years exp., wants to join good rock group. Mark—KI 7-2320, Bronx.

ORGANIST/PIANIST looking for work. Own equip., original material. In New York starting June. Tom Mandel—834-3337, MU Box 410, Brunswick, Maine.

BLUES GUITARIST wants to join/form band; need piano, bass, drums. Jim—537-4828, Berkeley, Calif.

EQUIPPED GUITARIST wanted for rock-blues-jazz group, play Jethro Tull, Earth Opera, Traffic, originals. We are sax/flute/vocalist, organist, drummer. Jon—795-3357, or Trevor—795-3267, New Haven, Conn.

WANTED: TWO boys (14-16) playing flute, organ, piano, bass, drums, guitar, for band that plays complacent music and jams. Geo. Roth—12 E. Post Rd., White Plains, NY.

VERSATILE BASS desperately needed. Jobs waiting—only thing hanging up is lack of bass who will stick with it. Excellent if you sing, double. Jan—332-3416, Los 849-3733, San Francisco.

WANTED: LEAD singer with original voice, along lines of Daltrey Stewart, Plant. We've bass, drum, 2 guitars, original material. Vic Sarokin—696 Northfield Ave., West Orange, NY.

EXPERIENCED LEAD guitarist wants to join/form original rock group. Andrew—267-0742, 323 Marlborough St., Boston.

GAY GUITARIST, organist wanted; hip, young own equip., willing to grow with group. Must be gay. Need place to practice. Danny Marsdalek—679-48th Ave., Apt. 4, San Francisco.

WANTED: Hollow leg. Must be reasonable. Stafford—82 Loucks Ave., Los Altos, Calif.

CONGA DRUMMER, male or female flutist needed for heavy group. Miss Arol—874-2083, 7601 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

ORGANIC DRUMMER, ascended to vibrational etheric rock-jazz adoration music, seeks musicians to help in his purpose. Ari Roach—26 Evergreen, Mill Valley, Calif.

OUTRAGEOUS GUITARIST, into many foreign bags, jazz chords & Afro rhythms needed by Jungle Rock band doing the cosmic joy, nature-style. Ineos—332-1025, Sausalito, Calif.



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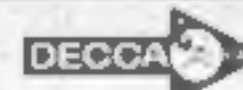


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